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EXTRACTS FROM A LAWYER'S PORT-FOLIO.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.]

SANDY FRASER.

THERE was a period, not perhaps beyond the recollection of my elder cotemporaries, when the cattle-fairs of the North were governed by a few wealthy landholders, who made them objects of their personal attention. One of this class set out from -----, on his way to Carlisle, towards the twilight of a dull October evening, on horseback and alone with no arms except a sturdy oaken staff, according to the fashion of those days. Some tales of the freebooters which the tumults of the year forty-five had left in that neighborhood, induced him to pour the contents of a large canvas bag into his boots before his horse entered a deep and dark dell, midway between ---- and Carlisle. The road suddenly sunk between two steepes, whose overhanging brows were grim with wild and thick copsewood, which nearly excluded the last gleam of a sickly sun. Even this gleam soon disappeared, and the traveller saw the danger of his darkening way increased by its sudden ascent up another steep, shrouded by loftier trees. As he wound along the narrow road which led to this toilsome height, he rather heard than saw the feet of a passenger beside him, sometimes, as it seemed, almost under his horse's head, or when the road narrowed, a shadow

rose on the high causeway formed among crags and bushes, which nearly touched the traveller's shoulder. But as the ascent grew wider, and the light of a rising moon shewed itself between the clouds, our horseman saw his companion walking two or three paces before him, and recognized in him a Highland youth who had once attended his droves, and had been dismissed for too much familiarity with his silver spoons at his hall in Yorkshire. Whether this unwelcome attendant chose such a slow and silent pace for the purpose of safety in companionship or of sinister revenge would be soon discovered, and ought not to appear suspected. Therefore he said, in the tone which suited a Highlander's ear, "its well for the nowts ye drive, lad, if ye never walk faster."

"I didna think I was walking aside a nowt, but your honour kens best," answered Sandy Fraser, in a knavish tone of mock simplicity. His master saw a broad moonlight opening before him, and urged his horse to speed; but Fraser suddenly stepping forward, laid his hand gently, yet firmly, on the bridle, and taking off his bonnet with great respect, placed a crumpled paper with some reddish stains in the Yorkshire traveller's hand, who eyed him sternly, and answered his gesture with the instinctive boldness of his former ar

ity—"Ye've chosen an ill time, ye daft loon!—ye may mend your letter at the Duke's-head."—"It's no frae a puir lad like mysell," returned Sandy, replacing his bonnet on one side of his brow with a mixture of archness and audacity—"ye're son Willie's fa'un into dour hands."—"Some of your Highland drovers have cheated him, I suppose?" said the father, in a tone which implied it must have been no easy task.—"Ou;" answered Sandy, very gravely—"no so bad as thae drovers, only awheen north country thieves."—His master opened the soiled paper hastily, and saw his eldest son's hand-writing—"I am in danger—money will save me—you may trust the bearer."—"Dog!" he exclaimed, losing his provincial humour in the agony of a father, "you have joined in robbing my son!"—The Highlander stepped back, and his elf-like smile changed to the slyness of gratified revenge struggling with sudden anger—"If Maister Willie had ca'd me dog, the corbies wad ha' known where to find him: but he's a pretty lad, forbye his mither was a Macgregor, whilk is mair than ye can say o' yoursell—And I wad na ha' come this gate for him an ye had na been Sandy Fraser's maister: but I winna gie the cauld steel where I ha' sat at the oaken board."—As he spoke, with a quick and dexterous manœuvre he seized the loaded end of his master's staff, and wrested it from his grasp. Thus disarmed, the traveller saw no means of resistance, unless he opposed the strength left him by sixty years to a young and desperate mountaineer's. But a thought occurred which seemed to include the care of a father with the caution of his country, and he replied, "I have no gold, Alexander Fraser; but if ye're an honest lad, and love my son, come with me to the Duke's-head at Carlisle, and ye shall have whate'er ye want on the faith of my word, and ye know the word of John Barharror of Birkthistle."

"Na, na!" said Sandy, widening his long face with an indescribable laugh, while his eyes gleamed through his shaggy hair like a wild cat's among yellow furze—"Na, Maister!" then ye'll be speering where your son is; but I'se no tell o' them that trusted me. The peat

winna burn the flow-moss, and the dirk has na tongue to tell where the handle bides ----"—Then pausing with an irresolute yet menacing gesture, as he half-raised the staff and looked towards the sharp brow of the cliff, he added, "If it flytes you to gie me the siller, I can tak it—its hard the young birdie should be torn when the auld one might spare his feathers—But I'se no do that neither—Ye'r heart will be sair enaugh, John o' Birkthistle, when ye wail for your son: but ye'll no be richer ere ye get back to Craven."

Barharror understood the double threat; and opening his large pocket-book with an undaunted look, as he still sat firmly on his horse, replied, "Search me if ye dare, Fraser, ye will find no gold; but here is paper as good at Glasgow or Dumbarton. Take what you will, or take all." The mountaineer scanned the negociable notes with a quick and crafty eye glancing at his master, as the red deer eyes the hunter when preparing to escape—"Fourscore broad pieces will be enow for the thieves—they'll free a Yorkshire lad easy for the fellowship's sake. An' if ye dinna see him safe at ye're ain hearthstane ere the reek gangs ower it on Hallow-e'en, ca' me a fause loon and a dog again."—So saying, and burying the largest note payable at sight among the folds of his tartan, where a sudden moonshine shewed the flash of his dirk, he threw his master's staff on the ground, and disappeared.

Full of dismay for his son's sake, and of vexation at the probable fraud, Barharror alighted to seek his only defensive weapon, and was busied in the search, when another horseman appeared on the road, and courteously enquired the cause. This traveller wore the riding-dress in those days peculiar to gentlemen, and his accent could hardly be called provincial, except in a degree sufficient to shew him a polished native of the North. Perhaps this last particular increased the frankness which agitation usually produces, and Barharror related without reserve how outrageously his quondam servant had practised on him. Habitual shrewdness, and the uncertain character of his new companion, induced him to suppress the exact amount of his

loss, and of the gold he had preserved. As the road now emerged into an open plain, intersected only by rude walls of uncemented stone, and lighted by a clear moon, they pursued their way together till a few straggling houses promised protection. The adventure afforded a subject of discourse, which the unknown gentleman canvassed in the language of a lawyer, and offered his aid to Barharrow in procuring a warrant to search for or arrest any suspected person, according to statute. He named the nearest justice of peace, spoke familiarly of the municipal officers of Carlisle, strongly advising his new acquaintance to despatch a trusty messenger, or hasten himself to provide for the detention of his lost bill, and the bearer, if they appeared in Glasgow. But Barharrow's solicitude for his favourite son's safety rendered him almost indifferent to this advice, or its subject. He thought and talked only of the letter, and endeavoured to believe it a counterfeit: a belief which the stranger strenuously encouraged, urging him to take instant measures for the mountaineer's arrest. The beginning of another desolate tract, and the sound of other feet behind them, induced Barharrow to spur his horse, which emulated his new friend's mettled animal with such success, that an hour brought them to Carlisle. As they turned under its walls, another traveller, mounted on a poney as lean, rough, and dwarfish as its rider, overtook and passed them. The unknown gentleman called after him to ask if he had seen a Highland youth, whose person he described according to Barharrow's statement, and was answered in a strong voice with a harsh accent, "There's na muckle distance atween an honest man and a knave now, and I canna tell what I ha' seen before."—This churlish jest was half lost in the trampling of his steed's rugged hoofs, and the two travellers, secretly rejoicing in what they deemed a second escape, made a social entry into the yard of the old Duke's-head. The landlady, a brisk dark eyed widow, in all the attractions of grey stockings, silver-buckled shoes, a laced mob-cap, and a curiously stiff chintz, received Mr. Barharrow with the gleeful hospitality of ancient days, and his companion with very respectful

courtesy, which implied acquaintance. The latter, in the course of conversation on the road, had shewn a perfect knowledge of Barharrow's name and connections; and he, on his part, found no difficulty in recalling a general remembrance of his new friend's person and handsome features. An hour passed by the bright fire and large silver tankard of this good old inn, gave such success to the young man's eloquence, and such new vigour to Barharrow's spirits, that he agreed to travel onwards with all speed. It was yet no more than the eighth hour of a brilliant night, and the next stage or town only eleven miles distant. Their horses were brought out, Barharrow's foot was in the stirrup, when his son's billet fell from his bosom to the ground. He stooped to pick it up, and the bright spots of blood upon it catching his eye, a deadly coldness and a strange agony came over his heart. He grew faint, and stepped back on the threshold of the inn.—"Will you not ride on, Birkthistle?" said the young man, gaily addressing him by his well-known appellation, "this air is reviving, and your affair bears no delay."—"It must bear some thought, however," he replied—"I will neither stop payment to that boy, nor raise a hue and cry against him—My son's blood is on my hands already:" and, with a shudder in which even his heart partook, the father returned to occupy his room again, while the young horseman pursued his journey.

Midnight had scarcely arrived, when a great tumult was heard in the inn-yard, caused by some travellers whose dog had led them to the body of a man still warm, but mortally wounded. It seemed, they said, the body of a fair and well-shaped youth; and the father, haunted with frightful doubts of his son's fate, dared not encounter what might realize his terrors. He receded from the spectacle in an agony which might have been misconstrued, had circumstances permitted suspicion. But he was soon informed that every traveller, whether suspicious or not, would be required to appear before the dying man, whose senses remained sufficiently to identify his murderer. Public-houses and bye-roads were searched, and every straggler

hurried into his presence. Barharrow gathered up his soul enough to enter among the rest, and hazard a look—that look discovered not his son, but the unhappy boy who had come, as he said, to procure his ransom. If indeed he was his son's true emissary, the rifled and torn state of his apparel proved that his mission had been baffled; if not, his imposture had been fatally punished and defeated. Fraser's eyes gleamed for an instant as he entered, and his gestures seemed to indicate how desperately he had defended the ransom-money entrusted to him. "My son!—where is my son?" said the father, in agonizing dismay at the doom which might await his offspring if Fraser's return with the required sum was expected in vain. But the Highlander was speechless, and could only fix his eyes on a man brought into the room after the entrance of Barharrow, who instantly recognized the sullen traveller seen under Carlisle walls. Fraser seemed strongly agitated as he looked on him, and made fruitless efforts to articulate. The spectators believed they understood the purpose of his eager struggle, and of this traveller's shrinking reluctance to approach him. But presently that reluctant air changed into a stern and menacing aspect, of which the whole force was turned upon the dying man, who fainted with excess of effort.—"Gentlemen," said the stranger, whose person had the robust breadth and plain attire of a west-country drover, "if ye have a baillie or town-clerk, it is best to be judicially examine; but delays are fasheous to a puir man; and I have a tryst to keep wi' John o' Birkthistle's son. I wot ye'll think John Barharrow sponisible bail enough."

He fixed his dark eyes steadily and sternly on Barharrow, who stood confounded at this daring appeal, and at his implied knowledge of his son's condition. The silence of confusion was probably mistaken for assent, and one of the by-standers officiously interposed a comment on the laws against acceptance of bail in cases of felony like this. But as no precise suspicion existed, the debate was ended by requesting him to remain in his apartment in a kind of courteous custody till morning: and Bar-

harrow was spared the embarrassment of answering queries respecting him by the crowd's eagerness in canvassing each other's opinions, and the clamorous entrance of another groupe, announcing that Clanroy, a notorious thief and plunderer among cattle, had been lately seen in Carlisle. The whole assembly rushed with one accord into the strange traveller's room, and found it empty. He had escaped from the window, probably with the assistance of his plaid; and when his scarred forehead and red eye-brows were described, the new-comers unanimously recognized the robber. Little as Barharrow's benevolence and sagacity inclined him to trust *circumstantial evidence*, he instantly ascribed the deed of darkness to this man, and was withheld from joining in pursuit only by the distracting thought that his son's life might depend on his forbearance. His agony of doubt and fear urged him back into the chamber of the wounded man, from whom he still expected to gain information. But Fraser continued speechless, and the last spasms of life changed his features, while the miserable father watched them in despairing anxiety. Meantime the hue and cry spread rapidly through Carlisle and its neighbourhood; every traveller was questioned, and brought, with or without probability of guilt, into the victim's presence. A vigorous party, stimulated by hope of the reward proffered for the Border-robber, arrived before day-break at Longtown, where a few remained to search the inns, while the rest pursued their scrutiny among the dreary mosses or swamps then between Gretna-green and this place. Without considering the improbability of a proclaimed felon's open stay at a distinguished inn, the pursuivants entered the Widow Black's, and made an inquisition among her guests. Several were found who heard the tale of Clanroy's murderous exploit with seeming surprise and horror. Among them was the young English traveller, whose company had relieved Barharrow from the dangerous solitude of his evening journey. He expressed his readiness to return with the messengers to Carlisle; "though," he added, "I have only slept three hours since Widow Black told me it was nine o'clock."—

"I remember," she replied, "that you compared your watch with mine, and it was just two minutes later."—On farther inquiry, the fact of his arrival at that hour, scarcely more than one after he had parted from Barharrow, was distinctly proved, and he remounted his horse composedly to revisit Carlisle, accompanied by only one peace-officer and two or three travellers, with whom he conversed familiarly, for he was well respected and often seen in Cumberland. When they reached the ford which it was necessary to cross, one of his companions mounted behind his horse, and before they plunged in, he exclaimed, "John Barharrow charged me with a packet to his Glasgow banker to stop payment of the bill he lost. The post-boy yonder will carry it forward, lest it should fail."—The person he addressed took a paper folded as a letter from his hand, and would have given it to the officer of justice, but he had already crossed the stream. When they reached the opposite shore, the English horseman's companion refused to quit his seat on the crupper, and they entered Carlisle thus linked together.—"I am sair for these gude people's trouble," said the mistress of the inn—"we have lit the yule candle, and opened the poor lad's door that the spirit may pass out easily, but he will never see or say ony thing mair in this world"—And she walked before them to the death-chamber. Her anxious and eager face as she held the watchlight over a bed surrounded with the wild figures of Highlanders and Lowlanders in every attitude of curiosity and expectation, was touchingly contrasted by the still and

pale countenance of the sufferer. But when that light fell on the young English traveller, his eyes flashed fire, he raised himself half-erect, uttered shrilly, "*It is he !*" and expired.

These three words stupified the witnesses with wonder and consternation ; but when the officer of justice displayed the pretended letter containing Barharrow's bill of exchange, his guilt permitted no doubt. He was, he confessed an adventurer, whose family-pride and expenses had far surpassed his means ; and the temptation offered by his meeting on the road, between Longtown and Carlisle, with the young mountaineer who had possessed himself of so rich a prize, overcame his slight conscience, which he soothed by imagining that he robbed only a robber. But Fraser had been a faithful messenger, not a daring impostor ; and he sacrificed his life in striving to defend the paper by which he hoped to ransom his young master. Clanroy himself, whom chance rendered a spectator of his fate at Carlisle, was touched, though an outlaw and a ruffian, by such noble self-devotion, and caused the release of young Barharrow from his associates, into whose desperate hands he had fallen.

Old John of Birkthistle received his son, and congratulated himself on his own escape from death with the solemn gladness claimed by the visible hand of Providence. And his descendants have often seen him shed tears on the spot where the fair-seeming Englishman suffered public execution, and on the mountain-road where the sycamore still lives which he planted in memory of Sandy Fraser.

AMERICAN RESOURCES.

From the London Literary Gazette, July 1818.

AMERICA AND HER RESOURCES ; OR A VIEW OF THE AGRICULTURAL, COMMERCIAL, MANUFACTURING, POLITICAL, LITERARY, MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CAPACITY AND CHARACTER OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. BY JOHN BRISTED, COUNSELLOR AT LAW, &c.

THIS work fills up a blank long felt as a most important one. Those who wished for information on the subject of the United States of America, knew not where to obtain it. It is true that in many books of Travels were to be found notices of parts of this great

fabric, but no where did there exist a connected and complete view of the whole. The author, Mr. Bristed, with a laudable partiality for the nation of his birth, is an honest painter, and does not violate the truth in his remarks on other countries. But we have less to do, even

with the justice of his external views, than with the comprehensive outline he has drawn of the physical, intellectual and moral character, capacity and resources of his native land.

As we shall not be able to do more than refer to one of the many topics enumerated in the title-page, and ably unfolded in the body of this publication, we shall pass over the chapters dedicated to the territorial capacities, commerce, manufactures, finances, and political institutions of the United States, to abridge the intelligence of the *sixth*, which treats of American Literature, Arts and Sciences :

The low state of letters in the United States is attributed to several causes : the chief of which are the facility of acquiring wealth and distinction by other means less laborious and more certain ; the hardships and dangers of the original settlers ; the revolutionary war ; the unsettled state of things for several years after its termination ; and the origin and progress of the French revolution ; all tending to divert the American mind to the love of gain, to military pursuits, to political strife, rather than to the calmer pleasures of the pen and page.

It was originally advanced by Buffon, that there was something in the nature and constitution of the American soil and climate, which necessarily diminished the powers, physical and intellectual, of all its inhabitants, whether human or brute ; and a host of philosophers followed in maintaining, that its animals were smaller and weaker than those of Europe, that its dogs did not bark, that Europeans, transplanted thither, degenerated in body and mind, and that their descendants were exceedingly deficient in bodily activity and force, and in intellectual quickness and strength. This theory was whimsically refuted by Dr. Franklin, while ambassador at Paris, by getting six stout Americans into company with as many French Savans, whom he put down by producing his countrymen against the reasoners, after they had exhausted argument to discover the cause of a phenomenon which it was proved by the contrast did not exist.

The author next defends their intellectual claims, and asserts, that the 10

million of people who now (1817) inhabit the United States, average as large an aggregate of native genius as ten millions of French, or British, or Greeks, or Romans, or any other people, of whatever age or country, ancient or modern. The truth is (he adds) that the great mass of the American people *surpasses* that of all other countries in shrewdness of intellect, in general intelligence, and in that versatile capacity which enables men to enter upon, and prosecute successfully, new situations and untried employments. It would be difficult for any country to shew that it has produced men of greater genius in their respective departments, than Rittenhouse, Franklin, and West.

Great Britain has the advantage of possessing the accumulated learning of centuries, of ample libraries accessible to all candidates for literary fame, of the constant demand of opulence for literary productions, of the high bounties presented by liberally endowed seminaries of education, and of the extensive circulation and salutary influence of many literary journals, replete with various information, and full of the most vigorous displays of genius. In America, on the contrary, the thinness of a widely spread population, the absence of individual and family wealth, the scarcity of public libraries, the want of literary competition, rewards, and honors, the generally defective means for liberal education, and many other causes, combine to discourage the production of frequent or costly original works. It thus happens, that in the three libraries of the three most enlightened places in the Union, New-York, Philadelphia and Boston, *Novels*, chiefly English, a few bad translations from French fictions, the sweepings of the Minerva press in Leadenhall-Street, are most abundantly used as affording the highest gratification to the lovers of literature : *Plays* and *Farces* are in the next degree of requisition : *Moral Essays* and *History* suffer a little injury in the first, less in the second, and none in the subsequent volumes : the *Classics*, elementary books on *Metaphysics*, *Political Economy*, and *Philosophical* subjects, generally sleep securely on their shelves, undusted and undisturbed

by any profane hand or prying eye. Scholars, who are exceptions from this picture, are comparatively few. Such being the taste of America, eminent original native writers are hardly to be expected. Yet the progress of letters is notorious in this respect, as well as in the importation of foreign books. From a combination of circumstances, the precocious launch of young men into life with but a superficial elementary foundation even for the learned professions, from the perpetual craving after novelty, and the restless habits and increasing changes* operating upon the American population, from the temper and habits of the people, ably conducted periodical publications are always short-lived. *'The American Review and Magazine,'* started by the cleverest men of New York, and well executed, perished for want of patronage. The *'Boston Anthology,'* supported by the labors of the most distinguished literati in that town, soon after shared the same fate. At a more recent period, the *'American Review,'* edited by Mr. Walsh, was also suffered to expire, notwithstanding the splendid talents and varied erudition of its conductor. Yet the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews are reprinted and widely circulated.

Most of the States have district schools, and there is scarcely a native American to be found who cannot read, write, and cast accounts; and they all read newspapers, of which there are more printed in the Union than in the British Empire, and political pamphlets, if they read nothing else. The Greek language is almost unknown in the United States, and there is generally a great dearth of what is called liberal education. Grammar is hardly taught, being thought an unnecessary basis for other learning!!! The preceptors are principally needy strangers, and illiterate lads instructed by such at home. The colleges languish for want of funds. The boys mostly enter at *fourteen*, and commence their *baccalaureate* at *eighteen* years of age,

* The people are incessantly shifting their habitations, the servants their places (averaging two months at each); families migrating; the executive, legislators, magistrates and officers of every class, forever fluctuating.

when they begin their studies for the profession they chuse, or lay aside all study for mercantile pursuits. Nor do the professional students often prosecute classical studies to any great extent or depth. There are about 50 colleges in the U. S., almost every State having two or three. Of these, Harvard in Massachusetts, Yale in Connecticut, and Princeton in New Jersey, stand highest in numbers and reputation. Harvard is the most munificently endowed, and has thirteen professorships. Columbia College, which ought to be the first, musters but 100 students, Princeton two, Yale three, and Harvard four hundred. Scarcely any systematic lectures on moral philosophy, metaphysics, political economy, history, belles lettres, and rhetoric, are delivered in any of the colleges. Only two instances are stated; those of Dr. Smith, late President at Princeton, on "moral and political philosophy;" and those of Mr. John Quincy Adams, now Secretary of State, on "belles lettres and rhetoric," when he was professor at Harvard. The latter displayed abundance of useful learning, but was mysterious and inflated: the former was excellent in the ethical parts, but shallow in the political philosophy and law of nations. The Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist Clergy, monopolize nearly all the Professors' chairs—men far from being learned, and totally incompetent to convey information in the branches of liberal education. Thus, instead of a full systematic course of moral philosophy including ethics, political economy, and international law, Beattie's Syllabus, or Paley's Treatise is given to the boys, who learn by rote, and transcribe some pages of the book, with probably here and there a remark by the professor. Conning over "Blair's Lectures," generally serves both master and pupil for a course of belles lettres and rhetoric; and Vattel's little "Outline of the law of Nations," read, and partly transcribed, completes the circle of international law. As for metaphysics and political economy, they receive a very slender portion of regard. The *elocution* in the colleges is generally extremely vicious; in addition to the common nuisance of a monotonous, monotonous

ous rant, a *nasal* twang pervades the pronunciation. This eloquence of the nose, rather than of the mouth, prevails greatly in New England, and is gaining ground throughout the Union. Its origin is supposed to be traced to the county of Kent, in England: it resembles the old Scotch Covenanters. The Americans have no standard for pronunciation: their English is nevertheless tolerably incorrupt, yet they read Latin and Greek in the Scottish manner, owing to the dead languages having been taught by persons belonging to that country. Prosody is utterly corrupted.

This seems but an indifferent picture of learning and scholars; yet the author complains that the literature and talents of his country are underrated in Europe. Of the writers in America we are told—

The United States have produced scarcely a single *learned* writer; nor is there one American work on classical literature, or that betrays any intimate acquaintance with the classics. Indeed, Cicero's works is the sole publication of this description which has issued from the American press: it is accurately printed by Wells and Lilly, of Boston. No elementary work on ethics, political economy, or metaphysics, has appeared; and the great mass of native productions consists of newspaper essays and party pamphlets. There are several respectable local histories—New York and New Jersey by Smith, Connecticut by Trumbull, South Carolina by Ramsay author of the Account of the United States, Holmes' Annals, M'Call's Georgia, Darby's Louisiana, Stoddart's account of the same, Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, Borman's Maryland, Prud's Pennsylvania, Williams's Vermont, Belknap's New Hampshire, Hutchinson's Massachusetts, Sullivan's Maine, Minot's History of Shays' Rebellion, and Drake's History of Cincinnati in Ohio; there are also divers accounts of the late war, mostly written in that crusading style which revolutionary France has rendered current throughout the world. Of native novels there is no great stock, and none good. Poetry is neither abundant nor excellent. The best English poets are as much read as in Britain. The late President Dwight, when quite a

young man, wrote two respectable poems, called, "the Conquest of Canaan," and "Greenfield Hill." Mr. Barlow's "Columbiad," Mr. Sargent's, of Boston, very spirited National Lyrics, and Mr. Pierpont's "Airs of Palestine," are mentioned favourably. "*The Bridal of Vaumond*" is in a much higher strain, and it is anticipated that the writer will reach the top of the American Parnassus. Woodworth's Poems, lately published, are the vigorous effusions of an uneducated mind.

The greatest national work which the United States have produced is Chief Justice Marshall's life of Washington. Of periodical works of talent, are enumerated, "*The Portfolio*," edited by Mr. John E. Hall: it was originally established by the late Mr. Dennie, called the American Addison, nearly twenty years since, and is the only periodical work in the States which has enjoyed so long a life. Mr. Dennie was the first author in America who devoted himself exclusively to letters: and for his reward had *permission to starve*. The *North American Review*, at Boston, is the most conspicuous work of this class in the United States. The *Analectic Magazine* contains some able essays, well-written biography, and judicious criticism. The *Portico*, at Baltimore, is bold and vigorous, but not successful. The *American Magazine and Review*, recently commenced at New York, has the proceedings of the learned bodies, but its criticisms consist in censures. The *Neologist* has appeared twice a week in the New York Daily Advertiser for about a year: it is highly commended.

Mr. Trumbull's *M'Fingal*, written to ridicule the tories during the revolution, exhibits much of the wit and some of the learning of Hudibras. Mr. Washington Irving's *Salmagundi* and *History of Knickerbocker*, need not shrink from competition with any European performance, in the felicitous combination of good-humored wit, delicate irony, dexterous delineation of character, and skilful exposition of the fashionable follies prevalent in the United States, with the occasional relief of exquisitely finished composition, full of tenderness, pathos and eloquence. Mr. Irving's *Sketch*

of the *Life of Campbell*, the Scottish poet is admirable. Mr. Wirt is an eloquent speaker and writer; his *Old Bachelor*, a highly popular collection of Essays; his *British Spy*, and *Life of Patrick Henry*, also favorite works. Fisher Ames is styled the "Burke of America." Colden's *Life of Fulton* is a valuable composition, but not well written. Mr. Walsh is one of the most eminent writers of the day; the author of the "Letters on the Character and Genius of the French Government," well known in England; and as Editor of the *American Review*, and of the *American Register*, takes a distinguished station among the periodical writers of the age.

Medical science has been very successfully cultivated. With regard to the fine arts, *sculpture* extends but little beyond chiselling grave-stones; and *painting* is chiefly confined to miniatures, portraits and landscapes. Trumbull's productions are exceptions: and West,

Stuart, Copely, Alston, and Leslie, are mentioned as proofs of American genius in this line. The characteristic talent, however, of America is for invention in the useful mechanic arts: The steam-boat is instanced in proof. There are some literary societies at New York, where papers are read, as in the establishments of the same kind in Europe.

Such are, in short, the facts connected with American literature, arts, and sciences, communicated more at length by Mr. Bristed: We have abridged them, under the idea that even a concise view of the subject must interest every lover of literature and the arts in Britain; and to those who desire more ample information, we can most cordially recommend the volume whence we have copied, as one replete with useful and instructive matter, amusing, and generally containing all that intelligence respecting America which it was so desirable to possess in a clear and comprehensive form.

THE IRISHMAN.

From the *European Magazine*, June 1813.

THE Scotch, Welsh, and Irish though the countries they inhabit have been much subject to foreign aggression and intestine wars, yet contain more of their aboriginal manners, and are at this day a less mixed race than the English. They have still in some measure retained in popular use their particular dialects, handed down to them from remote ages. They converse in their own language with conscious delight, and have preserved many of their ancient customs, institutions, and traditions, and also many of their metrical compositions.

Amongst the peculiarities of dress, is the long coat worn by the Irish; it is made of wool, and generally is of a grey colour: it resembles in make so much the great coats worn by the Irish chairmen in London, that it is most probable this fashion was transported from Ireland to London.

I trust my readers will not be displeased with the introduction of O'Callaghan, exhibiting the character and manners of an Irish peasant, as given by C. Sedley, in his "Winter in Dublin."

3L ATHENEUM. Vol. 9.

Lady LOUISA and Mrs. COLVILLE.

"We have lost our way, good friend: can you assist us in finding it?"

"Assist you in finding it, my lady?—Aye, by my faith and troth, and that I will, if it was to the world's end, and farther too."

"We wish to return by the shortest way to the Black Rock."

"Indeed and you will, so please your ladyship's honour, and O'Callaghan's own self shall shew the way, and then you can't miss it you know."

"We would not wish to give you so much trouble, Mr. O'Callaghan."

"It is never a trouble, so please you my lady, for an Irishman to do his duty."

This sentence was accompanied by a bow and expression feelingly eloquent.

This son of Hibernia might have been two-and-thirty—tall, robust, his limbs combining strength with agility. His countenance was devoid of that ruddy flush of health, which distinguishes the English peasant; but his features were lively and intelligent, although somewhat clouded by a black matted beard.

His brogues depended upon the shillelah which crossed his shoulders: the upper part of his brawny legs were clothed in the ancient costume, which leaves the feet and ankles naked: and a huge mantle buttoned across his breast with a characteristic skewer.

"Whither do you travel, friend?" said Mrs. Colville.

"To Dublin, so please you, my lady—Sure all the world knows that Judy O'Flannagan will be married to-morrow, to Pat Ryan; and Pat, you know is my own foster brother—because why, we had but one nurse between us, and that was my mother—but she died one day—the Lord rest her sweet soul:—and left me an orphan: for my father married again, and his new wife was the devil's own child, and did nothing but beat me from morning till night—Och, why didn't I die before I was born to see that day—for, by St. Patrick, the woman's heart was as hard, and as cold as a hail-stone."

"But what reason could she have to treat you so unmercifully."

"Ah my lady, and sure enough, there are always reasons, as plenty as butter-milk, for being hard-hearted; and I was no bigger than a dumplin at the time—so I could not help myself; and my father did not care to help me: and so I hopped the twig: and parted old Nick's darling—Och, may the devil fire her wheresoever she goes.—But here I am alive, and leaping, and going to see Pat married: and faith, to dim justice, he's an honest lad as any within ten miles of us—and no disparagement neither—and I love Pat, and I love all his family: aye, and by my soul I do, every mother's skin of them—and by the same token, I have travelled many a long mile to be present at his wedding."

"Your miles in Ireland are much longer than our's, I believe?"

"Indeed and you may believe that, my lady, because why, Saint Patrick measured them in his coach, you know—Oh, by the powers!—the time has been—but 'tis no matter, the devil a copper now belongs to one of the family—but, as I was saying, the day has been, aye by my troth and the night too, when the O'Callaghans, good luck to them,

held up their heads as high as the best; and though I have not a rood of land belonging to me but what I hire—and that from an old flinty-hearted middleman—I love my king—and I love my country—and I love fighting—and the devil a Frenchman, shall ever set foot on the sod, but I will lend a hand to plant him where he will never grow up again, but wither like an old stump."

"Pray what age is the bride?"

"What age is she? Och, by my soul, my lady, she is a neat article—old enough to be a mother, and young enough to be a wife: then she will be rigged out as gay as a lark, and as fine as a peacock—because why, she has a great lady for her godmother—long life and success to her—who has given Judy two milch cows, and five pounds in hard money—and Pat has taken as pretty apartments as any in Dublin—a neat, comely parlour, as you'd wish to see, just six foot under ground, with a nice, beautiful ladder to go down, and all so complete and genteel, and comfortable, as a body might say."

"Nothing like comfort, Mr. O'Callaghan."

"Faith, and you may say that, my lady"—rubbing his hands.—"Comfort, says I to Mrs. O'Callaghan, when we are all seated so cleverly round a great big turf fire, passing the whiskey jug, and the pipe, as merry as grigs, with the dear little grunners snoring so sweetly in the corner, defying wind and weather with a dry thatch, and a sound conscience to go to sleep upon; Och, jewel, sure it's not the best beds that make the best sleepers; for there's Kathleen and myself sleep like two great big tops, and our bed is none of the softest—because why, we sleep on the ground, and have no bed at all at all."

The Irish language is finely adapted to lyric poetry; it is very forcible and expressive. In the north-west and south-west counties of Ireland, the English language is scarcely known. In the county of Wexford, English language, habits, and customs, prevail universally, and the Irish language is quite forgotten. It was one of the first English settlements. In the north, you would hardly believe how little remains of Irish histo-

ry, language, or customs. The revolutions it has undergone in consequence of forfeitures to the English, and the encroachments of the Scotch, have overturned every remnant of its original state.

During the time that the English were endeavouring to extend the pale in every direction from the metropolis of the kingdom, over a desperate but disunited enemy, the Scottish clans of Mac Donalds, who by an intermarriage had got footing in Ireland, began their ravages on the northern coast of Antrim; and by the powerful support they received from Cantire and the Western Isles of Scotland, established their dominions over a considerable tract of country.

As the people of those days generally followed the fortunes of their chief, the greater part of the native Irish who survived those bloody scenes transplanted themselves elsewhere; while the Scots remained peaceable possessors of the field.

Hence the old traditions of the country, its customs and manners, were entirely lost; and the few who speak the Celtic language, at all, use a kind of mixed language, called here Scotch-Irish, which is but imperfectly understood by the natives of either country. This part of Ireland, therefore, may in some measure be considered as a Scottish colony, and, in fact, Scotch dialect, Scotch manners, Scotch modes, and the Scotch character, almost universally prevail. Here the ardour of the true Irish constitution seems abated, if not chilled. Here the ceaseless flow of Irish cordiality seldom lends its welcome home to the stranger's heart. The bright beams which illumine the gay images of Milesian fancy are extinguished; the convivial pleasures dear to the Milesian heart, scared at the prudential maxims of calculating interest, take flight to the warmer regions of the south.

A mind not too much or too deeply affected or fascinated by the florid virtues, the warm overflowings of generous and ardent qualities, will find in the Northerners of this island much to admire and more to esteem. They are an industrious thrifty race of people, generally speaking. They have a great deal of substantial civility, without much courtesy to relieve it and set it off to the best

advantage. The bold ideas of rights and privileges which seem inseparable from their presbyterian church, renders them apt to be ungracious and unpleasing, especially to those who are acquainted with the warm, open, liberal, courteous, gracious manners of the Southern of the island. On the whole, the middling and lower ranks of people in this northern quarter of the kingdom are a valuable part of the community; but one must estimate their worth as a miner often does his ore, rather by its weight than its splendor.

Honey, or jellies, and eggs, are generally introduced at the Irish breakfasts. Their tables in general do not differ from our's. Potatoes as good as in England, and better dressed—protest against their introduction to table in their brown great coats or skins. They dine late, and their dinners as well as breakfasts are bountiful.

The inns in Ireland are in general indifferently, and some wretched; in several, one side is appropriated for a shop for the sale of groceries and whiskey.

Dry lodgings, means lodging only, and no liquors.

CABINS. An Irish cabin is, in general, like a little antediluvian ark: for husband, wife, and children, cow and calf, pigs, poultry, dog, and frequently cat, repose under the same roof in perfect amity.

Insufficiency of provision, which operates so powerfully in England against marriage, is not known or cared about in Ireland; there the want of an establishment never affects the mind of the enamoured rustic. Love lingers only until he can find out a dry bank, pick a few sticks, collect some furze and fern, knead a little mud with straw, and raise a hut about six feet high, with a door to let in the light and let out the smoke; these accomplished, the sylvan pair, united by their priest, enter their sylvan dwelling, and a rapid race of chubby boys and girls soon proves by what scanty means life can be sustained and imparted.

Four mud walls with one entrance, and frequently without either a window or chimney, will, in a few words, describe the Irish hovel. Such was Gillo's habitation.

"At one of the ends he keeps his cows,
At th' other end he keeps his spouse ;
On bed of straw, without least grumble,
Nay with delight, did often tumble :
Without partition, or a skreen,
Or spreading curtain, drawn between,
Without concern exposed they lay,
Because it was their country's way."

The rent of the cabins is from one to two guineas a year. To each cabin is attached about an acre of ground, which is cropped alternately with oats and potatoes, and sometimes a small portion of flax is added. With these supplies the cottier rests contented ; the potatoes and oats afford him food for the year ; and the flax is spun into linen by the female part of the family. The overplus of corn and potatoes serves to fatten a pig, which is generally sold to pay a part of the rent, the remainder of which is made up by manual labour ; and thus all his real wants being supplied, the rest of his time is spent in total inactivity.

Another part of the peasant's family deserves notice, his boys ; by accustoming them from their infancy to run over a great deal of ground on errands, their limbs acquire a wonderfully strong and active degree. They will go many miles quickly and punctually for a very small remuneration.

The Irish dance with all their heart ; and their jig is particularly calculated for the full indulgence of this national trait. It is not possible for an enthusiastic mind to look with indifference on this national sport ; which is chaste as it is impassioned—devoid of eastern voluptuousness ; yet glowing with animated sentiment.

The affectionate regard which the Irish peasant feels for the memory of those dear to him in life, is indeed romantic, and almost incredible. A passion for enjoying a two-fold existence, independent of actual being ; of tracing back genealogical honours, and anticipating a perpetuated life in the hearts of those they leave behind ; is a passion incidental to the native Irish character of every rank.

The attachment of the peasantry of Ireland to their family burying-places is boundless. Bodies are conveyed across the mountains for a great many miles, men, women, and children, following in multitudes. Such a concourse of people generally attends the ceremony of interment with cries and howlings, that would excite surprise, and wonder, and perhaps some little terror, in a stranger.

M. D.

SECRET MEMOIRS OF LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.

From the Literary Gazette.

OUR notice of this work broke off with the account of Lucien Buonaparte's first starting the idea of his brother divorcing the sterile Josephine—ten years before that measure was carried into effect. His scheme for a second wife, formed when he was ambassador in Spain, is thus detailed :

"Lucien's election fell on Isabella, second daughter of the king, sixteen years of age, and now hereditary princess of the two Sicilies. Having communicated his design, and developed his plans to Napoleon, they were instantly approved of, and Lucien himself formally empowered to open his high negotiation. The good king, Charles IV. was not long in ceding the rights of his family, and all consideration of personal dignity, to his blind admiration of that great

man. He thought it was for the best interests of Spain, to renew the close alliance of the two countries, which existed in the time of Louis XIV. and his Grandson. The Queen, seduced or overcome, also yielded ; and every thing was arranged, so that Napoleon, in preserving the title of Consul, should declare his power hereditary. Matters were in this state, when Madame Buonaparte, from whom it had been entirely concealed, whether by some indiscretion on the part of her husband, or the revelations of Fouché, discovered the whole affair. Her influence over Napoleon was well known ; this she derived from her sedulous attentions and unvarying deference to his will. Her efforts were redoubled on the present occasion, when, in addition to tears and entreaties, she

not only sent Hortensia to move the First Consul, but suggested a variety of political fears as likely to arise from the intended union, and finally carried the day. Instead therefore of the last signature, which was hourly expected at Madrid, the ambassador received a positive order to break off the negotiation altogether. Foaming with rage, Lucien had no sooner read the dispatch, than, collecting all the correspondence relative to this important affair, he flew to the palace, and shutting himself up with the King and Queen, submitted the whole of his conduct to them. Their Catholic Majesties made no hesitation in distinguishing it from that of his brother, directing all their anger and indignation against Napoleon."

In Spain, Lucien levied monstrous contributions for the private uses of himself and family. Portugal paid 30 millions of francs, which found its way chiefly into private chests. He also began to form his fine gallery of pictures; and the capital works of Ribeira, Morillos, and other Spanish masters, were collected with avidity. A prize taken into Malaga also enabled him to plunder the stores of the British Ambassador coming from Constantinople. He lived with outward republican simplicity, but his luxury and prodigality were boundless, and he lavished immense sums on his pleasures, as well as in corrupting the nobles of the country. He had a little court of his own, consisting of Felix Desportes, his brother-in-law Bacchiochi, Arnault the dramatic writer, Sapey, Le Thiers the painter, and others; the latter was indebted to his patronage for the appointment of Director of the Academy of Fine Arts at Rome, and was the person consulted in the formation of his gallery. The following anecdote will shew the terms on which they lived:—

"The Spanish ladies, less volatile than those of France, but more impetuous in their amours, and warmly attached to their lovers, of whom they were extremely jealous, did not by any means relish the ambassador's capricious wanderings. One of their husbands, who heard there was an intrigue going on between Lucien and his wife, was so much out of humour, that he shut the frail fair

one up in a convent, and sent a challenge to the lover, who being naturally brave took up the gauntlet, and accepted the defiance: but his friends having persuaded him that it was beneath the dignity of one who represented so great a nation to risk his life for such a trifle, M. le Thiers proposed to replace his friend, and accordingly, on the next day, this modern knight-errant bravely proceeded to the field of battle, there to await the enraged spouse. Scarcely had the latter arrived at the scene of action, when looking eagerly around, he asked where was his adversary: "Here I am!" replied Le Thiers, in a haughty tone. 'You,' said the Spaniard, 'I don't know you, Sir! and a gentleman of my rank is not going to debase himself by entering the lists with a person of your condition; I must see the ambassador himself, and be assured he shall be found.' On saying this he re-entered his carriage and drove back to Madrid, where he was about to publish the outrage he had experienced, when the Court, which saw this affair in a much more philosophical light, sent him to a distant country seat, there to cool the ardour of his agitated feelings."

Lucien being replaced by Gouvion St. Cyr, returned to Paris in the end of 1801, and in the March ensuing was made a member of the Tribunat. Here his political labours were again conspicuous, and the Concordat, and Legion of Honour, either originated with him, or were indebted to his talent for their completion. Of the latter he was made Grand Officer, and one of the seven members of the Council of Administration, and in this quality took his seat in the Conservative Senate, which put an end to the semblance of discussion and legislative government in France.

Lucien was now a widower, and very rich: his sister, Bacchiochi, presided in his domestic establishment, and the most scandalous insinuations are thrown out respecting their intimacy. The lady, however, having taken a fancy to M. Fontanes, adopted him as a lover, and went to reside in the fauxbourg St. Honoré. This amour was the foundation of M. Fontane's fortune, as another amour was of the rise of the present

Princess of Canino. Lucien and his sister were great amateurs of private theatricals, and performed tragedies at Senlis, where the licentiousness of their associations and habits was unrestrained. The Count de la B— and Lucien were intimate; the former had a mistress named Madame Jouberteau, whom, in one of their orgies, he exchanged for the mistress of his profligate friend. Madame J. had a son to Lucien, or, as the Parisians asserted, to his hanger-on, one Châtillon; but be that as it may, he determined to marry the mother, thus thwarting the views of Napoleon, who wished to ally him to the Queen of Etruria. The rage of the First Consul was unbounded when informed that in spite of his endeavours to prevent it, this marriage had been solemnized. The *ci-devant* Madame Jouberteau, notwithstanding her Asiatic beauty and grandeur of appearance, turned out to be a very mean and shabby personage. She is accused of robbing Lucien's daughters by his former wife, Lolotte and Lili, of their diamonds, &c. in order to produce a portion for her own daughter, Mademoiselle Anne Francheschi, and of being guilty of many other paltry actions. These proceedings further incensed Napoleon; and as Lucien used his influence to support Jerome in his short resistance to the behest of his more powerful brother, and also to induce Joseph to refuse the Viceroyalty of Italy, which was in consequence bestowed on Eugene Beauharnois, he was ordered to quit France, and went to Milan in April 1804. From Milan he journeyed to Rome, where he lived in great state, visiting only foreign princes and persons of the highest rank. Cardinal Fesch had previously tried to bring about a reconciliation, for which Madame Letitia the mother was very earnest, Lucien being her favourite child; but as he would not repudiate his wife at the command of Napoleon, the treaty fell to the ground.

When Joseph was raised to the throne of Naples, and Napoleon visited Italy in the height of his power and glory after the treaty of Tilsit, an interview was brought about at Mantua; but Lucien, still firm to his purpose, resisted all

temptations to divorce his wife, and the end of an angry discussion was a proposal on the part of the Emperor, to provide suitably for his two nieces (the offspring of the first marriage)—the eldest being intended for the Prince of Asturias. The political catastrophe of Spain however prevented this match, and Ferdinand VII. was reserved for another destiny. It is stated, and appears from future circumstances likely to be true, that Lucien was hostile to the measures taken against the Pope, and the spoliation of the Roman territories. It was frequently expected that Tuscany, or Naples, or Sicily, would be converted into a kingdom for him; but others were preferred in every change, and the breach became wider between him and the despot, till at length, after a short residence at Florence, he retired with his family to Canino, 25 leagues from Rome and six from Viterbo.

"Canino formerly belonged to the Farnese Family, and having afterwards fallen into the national domains of the apostolical chamber, as a dependency of the Duchy of Castro, Lucien bought it at a very reasonable rate, about a year before his quitting Rome. The Senator seemed desirous of settling on this extensive tract, which, even in its present uncultivated state, was very productive. In addition to a great deal of pasture land, which insured a good revenue, there was a large quantity of timber on the estate, all which advantages it was the intention of Lucien to improve. This property gave the owner no right of jurisdiction over the adjacent town, which bears the same name, and containing a population of nearly twelve thousand souls, which is generally increased during the winter months, by mountaineers who descend with their flocks to feed on the neighbouring pastures, for agricultural purposes, or to work at the iron founderies. The influx of strangers which takes place at this season of the year gives a most animated appearance to Canino, and seems to remind the traveller of those patriarchal days, when whole tribes were in the habit of periodically changing their place of abode. A kind of manor house had been formed from the remains of the old

Castle, but this was small, very much neglected, and badly distributed. It was therefore necessary to hasten the repairs so as to make it capable of receiving the Senator's family, which had in the mean time taken up its abode in different parts of the town. No sooner had Lucien examined the state of his lands, than all his attention seemed directed towards rural and agricultural pursuits. Dressed in a coarse woollen coat and thick shoes, whole days were passed in visiting his domain, and superintending the work-

men employed in various parts of it: he generally carried a fowling-piece, which was used in going along, without his often taking the trouble of descending from the vehicle in which he rode, to pick up the game."

He wonderfully improved this domain, became exemplary in his religious duties, and with all the zeal of a virtuoso, added classic and antique research, literature, and the fine arts, to the more common concerns of building and agriculture.

(To be continued.)

From the Literary Gazette, July 1818.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

In our prospectus we professed to look to the "*Sketches of Society and Manners*," as one of the prominent features of the Literary Gazette, and have, we trust, by an almost continued series, though of desultory articles, under this title, established our claim to consistency and good faith in this respect.* Still, however, we have felt anxious to obtain a more regular and connected illustration of English manners, something that either from the station or talents of the writer might interest more particularly the British public, and merit a degree of celebrity in other countries, as unfolding a faithful delineation of many of our national habits, peculiarities, and eccentricities. Such, we flatter ourselves, will be found the Essays of THE HERMIT IN LONDON, to the weekly insertion of which the subjoined is an Introduction.

That they are the production of no ordinary pen will speedily appear from internal evidence; but leaving it to the world to decide whether the tact for observation they display, and their neatness of characteristic touch, without caricature or exaggeration, entitle them or not to a high consideration in the class to which they belong, we may so far guarantee their authenticity as original pictures, and thus satisfy our readers that they are actually drawn from real life, by declaring (on the authority of Mr. Colburn, thro' whom we have received them) that they are written by a person of distinguished rank and title; and if we may venture to pledge our opinion in a prediction grounded on the few essays we have ourselves perused, they will contain a very lively representation of manners, such as can only be seen by persons moving in the highest circles; and as such, be at once curious in literature, and amusing in the description of follies and pursuits which have seldom been submitted to the pencil of a competent artist. Thus much for the *Literary Gazette*: henceforward *The Hermit in London* must speak for himself.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF FASHIONABLE MANNERS.

No. I.

INTRODUCTION.

*Tis manners makes the man, their want, the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunello.

Pope altered.

THAT a man who has lived many years must have seen a great deal, is a vulgar, but not less true remark. Suppose to yourself, then, gentle reader,

one whose years have rolled imperceptibly by in drawing-rooms, in parties, and in what is called the world, whose looking-glass now begins to make unpleasant reflections, and whose hair reminds him of the utility of such men as Mr. Ross in Bishopsgate Street, and Mr. Bowman in New Bond Street. Such is the author of these pages: too old to be an Exquisite or a Coxcomb, yet neither old enough nor wicked enough to sigh over and to frown upon the past. He can now not only enjoy the pleasures of memory, but sit by calmly and observe the present day without being blinded by tumultuous passions, or soured by age and infirmity.

It may easily be conceived that such a man must have seen and felt all the enjoyments of life. With these his account of the past must necessarily be filled; nor would it be possible for him to vegetate in the seclusion of woods and forests, or to become the solitary of a desert or of a monastic retreat. A time, however, must come, when the fire of youth will decay; though, with such a man, the warmth of friendship succeeds to the flame of love, the glow arising from a love of society, survives the ardent pursuit of pleasure.

Such a man will certainly be the hero of his tale; but he will neither be difficult nor querulous; and although he be a little prone to telling his own history, yet will he be so attached to fashion and to society, that he will have learned how to listen and how to observe.

* [* See Ath. vol. I. pp. 382, 467; II. 168, 442; &c. &c. extracted from the Literary Gazette.]

There will naturally be a little more distance and retirement in his habits, in the very midst of the world, than there was when he was more of an actor than of a looker on ; but such a man's retirement is the corner of a well-filled drawing-room, a nitch in a reading-room, the back row of an opera box behind a sexagenaire duchess, unenvied, and almost unobserved, or in the deep shades of the shady side of Pall Mall.

From these circumstances the author had acquired the name of the Hermit of Pall Mall ;* for, living in that vicinity, and still moving in the circles which he has described in these pages, he is now a guest the more welcome in fashion's haunts, from his no longer being the rival of any one. A celibataire more from chance than from determination, he has no domestic concerns to perplex him, no wife to promote, or to impede his welcome in the gay world, no train to carry after him, no addition to his unity in an invitation card, and he is therefore the easier provided for, and the more generally invited than a family man.

Without assuming any peculiar merit, a well-dressed and a well-bred man, whose face has become common at parties *bien composées*, will be asked to one party merely because he was seen at another where the same class of society moves ; and thus must the scenes of high life multiply infinitely in the course of years, making up an almost imperceptible experience.

A beautiful young unmarried lady can with safety honor his arm, as the companion and protector of her morning walk, without fear of exciting either ambition or passion in his breast, or of raising jealousy or uneasiness in the bosom of a more favoured swain. The flaunting married women of quality can take such a man in her carriage to make the round of her morning visits, or to kill time by shopping, without fear of wearing out his patience, or of furnishing chit-chat at some distinguished conversation, where the tongue of scandal might have canvassed the connexion and society of a younger cicisbeo. He might also be consulted as to dress with a cer-

tainty of relying on the sincerity of his advice ; and he might be allowed to witness a tender glance, a hand pressed, or a significant look given to a youthful beau, without fear of rivalry, or any chance of scandalizing him.

A Donna atempata will sit with him in a *negligée* of morning attire, having no designs upon him. An Exquisite and a Russian will unrestrainedly play off their parts before him, considering him as a good natured gentleman-like old fellow, or, in other words, a cypher in the busy scene of high life. Lady Jemima's at home, or Mrs. Fashion's fancy ball must be numerously attended ; and precisely such men are the materials for making up the corner figures of the *belle assemblée*. "Hand me to my carriage," will say a disappointed belle to such a man ; and to him she will recount the object of her disappointment and disgust, the coldness of a favorite, the flirting of a husband, the neglect with which she expected *not* to meet, the killing superiority of a rival, the giving way of the lace of her corset, the mortifying bursting of the quarters of her satin shoe, her loss of temper or her loss at play, an assignation which calls her away, or vapours arising from the dissipation of the preceding night.

If such a man see and observe not much, it must be his own fault ; for, no longer blinded by his passions, nor quitting the world in disgust, he can reason upon the past, correctly weigh the present, and calculate thereby what may occur in time to come ; for life is a drama more or less brief, with some more gay, with others more insipid,—all men are actors of some part or other, from the prince on the throne to the little tyrant of his domestic circle,—nor is it given to those actors to see and learn themselves, but only to those who, like the Hermit in London, occupy a seat in the stage box, and are the calm spectators of the piece.

Whilst the fashionable novels (for, alas ! nothing is so fashionable as scandal) are hewing away, *à l'Indienne*, on every side, and cutting up not only public but private characters, it is the intention of the following pages to pursue an entirely different plan, namely, to strike

* We have altered it to that of the Hermit in London, as more applicable and comprehensive.—Editor.

at the folly without wounding the individual—to give the very sketch and scene, but to spare the actor in each; so that, upon every occasion, personality will be most sedulously avoided. To blend the useful with the laughable, and to cheat care of as many moments as possible, are the chief and favorite views of the

HERMIT IN LONDON.

RECENT VISIT TO

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.

From the Literary Gazette, June, 1818.

LETTERS OF A PRUSSIAN TRAVELLER.

(Concluded.)

IN our last we introduced this work to our readers, and, after noticing the earlier portions of the route pursued by Mr. Maxwell and his travelling companion (the writer of these volumes,) made a few extracts from the more interesting descriptions of what occurred to them in Egypt and Syria, concluding with an account of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and the promise of resuming our analysis with that of the Temple of Solomon. The building whence they contemplated the object, forever shut most peremptorily from Christian eyes, was, says Mr. Bramsen,

“About fifty steps from this celebrated spot, so that we had an excellent view of the existing structure, which edifice is supposed to cover the site where the ancient temple stood. The present building is called The Mosque of Omar, from the name of the founder, who was a rich Turk of Damascus in the seventh century. One of the Turkish soldiers told us that he had often been in the mosque, and that there are many antique pillars of red and white marble in the best state of preservation. The white wall which surrounds the buildings, precludes any thing like a connected view of the proportions of the edifice; but we could not repress our admiration at the magnificence and grandeur of the dome, and the beauty of its extensive arcades. The Turks told us, that it was certain death for any Christian to be found in the interior of the mosque. They related to us that many years ago a Christian obtained a firman of the Grand Seignior to examine the interior, and having arrived at Jerusalem, he presented his document to the Bey, who told him that he certainly was bound to respect the firman

of Constantinople, and that therefore he was at liberty to enter the temple. After remaining for some hours in the interior, and having fully satisfied his curiosity, the Christian wanted to quit the place, but he found the door locked, and was informed that the firman gave him permission to go in, but not to come out again. The Bey kept him shut up till night came on, and then caused his head to be cut off, and his body to be buried beyond the walls of Jerusalem.”

None of the remaining sights about the Holy City seem deserving of being particularized. Modern Jerusalem apparently occupies only a part of the site of the ancient city; and there is so much confusion between Christian and Mahomedan monuments, that it is not easy to ascertain exactly even the most remarkable of either.

“Several portions of the existing town are uninhabited and in ruins. Most of the streets are narrow, the houses low and miserable, and the path obstructed with filth. The main street, however, is an exception to this, as many of the houses are lofty and well built. The peculiarity of their construction is that they are entered by wooden staircases, which project in front, and the lower stories having no windows, give the street a singular and gloomy appearance. From the want of a free circulation of air, added to a general deficiency in cleanliness, it is not to be wondered at, that this, as well as the other towns we passed through, should be periodically visited by one of the greatest calamities that can afflict humanity. - - - The number of the inhabitants is now reduced to about six thousand. The Christians suffer much from the avarice

and cruelty of the present Bey, who exacts from them, particularly from the convents, the most exorbitant contributions. - - - We met him on the very day we left Jerusalem, attended by an escort of about twenty officers and soldiers, who were all on foot and well armed. As he is not more liked by the Turks than by the Christians, he never goes out without a numerous escort, and seldom ventures beyond the gates of the town, for fear some of the emissaries of the Grand Turk should be in waiting to carry him off. He appeared to be rather a good looking man, about forty years of age : he wore a blue velvet dress richly embroidered, and had a dagger at his side, studded with diamonds and other precious stones : but the costume of his escort was by no means in unison with that worn by their chief ; like Falstaff's soldiers they were in truth a motley group. He stopped, and gave us an invitation to come and see him ; but as our departure was fixed, and every thing arranged accordingly, we were forced to decline this honour.

"The climate of Jerusalem is regarded by the inhabitants as unhealthy ; the heat during the summer months is intense, and hardly a breeze to be felt, owing to its inland situation, and the high mountains by which it is enclosed. The country is besides subject to long droughts, the sky is for months without a cloud, and thunder storms are almost unknown. The place is generally visited once a year by the plague, and many malignant fevers are prevalent in the autumnal season. We saw but few insects, and hardly any mosquitoes or grasshoppers. The immediate neighbourhood of the town is so barren, that the place almost entirely depends on the neighbouring villages for supply : But the vallies that lie about two or three miles from Jerusalem are very fertile, and produce abundant crops of tobacco, wheat, barley, Indian corn, figs, olives, melons, cucumbers, and pumpkins ; the vine also seemed in a very thriving state, and its produce can boast a very rich flavour, not unlike that of the Muscatelle."

Returning by Rama, our travellers were menaced with attacks by the Be-

douins ; and as their path lay through hordes of these marauders, the journey was far from being either pleasant or safe. Their next trip was to St. Jean D'Acre, the Pacha of which being entirely guided by a Jewish premier, is friendly to strangers. Thence they sailed to Saide, a small town badly built, where there is no convent. They were

"Introduced to a Christian in the Levantine costume, who, during the late war, acted as interpreter to Sir Sidney Smith, and is now (1814) Major-Domo to Lady Esther Stanhope, who for several years past has been travelling in the Levant. He informed us that she was in a convent near the Druse mountains, where she had been confined by indisposition, from which, however, she was fast recovering. When this lady visited Saide she wore a Turkish dress, and rode an Arabian charger, to the astonishment and admiration of the Turks, who hold her in the highest estimation, and we heard in many places that she was actually imagined to be an English princess."

At Athens they lodged with Mrs. Macrea, the widow of the late English consul, who has three lovely daughters ; one of whom is the subject of Lord Byron's beautiful poem :

Maid of Athens ! ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart !
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest !
Hear my vow before I go
Zân mē, sas agapō.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind :
By those lids, whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge :
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Zân mē, sas agapō.

By that lip I long to taste ;
By that zone-encircled waist ;
By all the token flowers that tell
What words can ne'er express so well ;
By love's alternate joy and woe
Zân mē, sas agapō.

Maid of Athens ! I am gone :
Think of me, sweet ! when alone.
Though I fly to Istombol,
Athens holds my heart and soul :
Can I cease to love thee ? No !
Zân mē, sas agapō.

Of Athens itself it was scarcely possible to tell us any thing which modern research has not anticipated, so copious have been the revelations from this classic spot. The visitors were accompanying signor Lusieri thro' the memorable ruins and palaces; when descending from the Pnyx, that accomplished gentleman

Pointed out some large stones to our notice, to which the superstition of the Athenian women had attributed certain singular and marvellous virtues. It seems they come here and glide down these stones on their backs, fancying it a sovereign remedy against sterility. One of the miraculous stones was actually worn quite smooth by this singular exercise. Our illustrious antiquary had never witnessed this exhibition himself, nor could he inform us whether it took place during the day or beneath the veil of evening; I should think the latter is the case, and no doubt the husbands of these credulous ladies are not permitted to be present at the performance of these rites, otherwise as at the Eleusinian mysteries of old, the charm would be most likely broken, and miraculous effects rendered doubtful.

Mr. Bramsen is a warm advocate for Lord Elgin. Of the Mainottes he has a very bad opinion.

Baron Stackleberg, who resided at the same hotel with us at Trieste, was captured near the island of Hydra by a Mainotte privateer. The robbers carried him to their retreat among the mountains, where he was kept in a cave for several days, living on nothing but oil and onions, and sleeping the whole time upon the bare ground, without changing his clothes. --- Baron Haller received a letter from the Captain of the Mainottes, demanding the sum of 12,000 piastres as the price of his ransom: and further stating, that if Baron Haller would bring this sum to a certain spot among the mountains, a party of his associates would meet him, and conduct him to the cave where his friend was confined. He concluded by observing, that if the sum was not produced at the time specified, it was determined that the prisoner should lose his head. This strange epistle enclosed a letter from the Baron him-

self, giving a melancholy account of his forlorn and perilous situation. Baron Haller's exertions to raise the sum were unremitting: he was joined in them by Mr. Cockerell, an Englishman; and such was their zeal, that the day after receiving the letter they had raised 12,000 piastres, with which Baron Haller immediately set out to the appointed spot---a miserable village, which he reached the same evening. He had hardly rested an hour or two, when a loud knocking announced the arrival of a party of the banditti, who solemnly assured him that in case he could not agree with their captain they would escort him back. The Baron, urged by his warmth of friendship, accepted their offer; and after riding several hours, passing several high mountains, and being frequently stopped in the narrow defiles by the patrols, they reached the large cave, which was faintly lighted by a lamp. On being introduced to the Captain, who was sitting smoking on an old mat, the first object that caught the Baron's eye was his captive friend lying on the ground, and already emaciated with illness. After much conversation with the Captain of the horde, who would not depart from the stipulated sum, and would only allow one day's grace to the prisoner; Baron Haller, not intimidated by these threats, and relying on the pirate's avarice, departed even without bidding farewell to his friend. The next morning he was happy enough to be revisited at the village by the Mainottes, with whom he finally agreed at the price of 10,000 piastres, and 1000 for the Captain's private purse, with which sum in gold he returned to the cave, where the prisoner was unbound and delivered to his gallant benefactor. But previously to his dismissal, he was obliged to pass thro' the ceremonies usual on such occasions, which were, to submit to the operation of shaving from the hands of a Mainotte; to eat onions dipped in oil with them, as a parting relish; and to shake hands all round, in token of a friendly farewell.

All these seas abound with such pirates and robbers, "land rats and water rats," whose depredations are desperate, lawless, and incessant, as appears from many particulars of their manners and exploits recorded in Mr. B.'s volumes.

From the London European Magazine.

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG MAN IN PRISON.

SIR,
THE following letter I received from a young man, whom I attended in --- jail, in consequence of his having attempted his own life by inflicting upon himself a wound in the throat, of which he died a few days after committing the rash action. I send you this transcript of it, the original being so blotted with the tears of his dying mother, as to be almost illegible to any one but to me, who had read it previous to her getting possession of it.

If you think it may be useful, it is

much at your service for insertion in your Miscellany. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

L---shire,
May 16, 1818.

W. F. T.

REVEREND SIR,

I AM disposed to think you will pay some attention to the subject of this letter, when I tell you that it is written in my death-hour, and that I have not another hour to live;—the confession which it contains, and the remorse of conscience

which has produced it, may perhaps be of use to some equally heedless youth as myself: who, without the least consideration of the misery which he occasions to an anxious father and heaps up for himself, rejects the generous care and prudent advice of him whom he ought to love and venerate in grateful affection and duty, and surrenders his own best consolations to the caprice of an inexperienced judgment, and the vicious impressions of evil association. Alas! had my ill-requited parent been alive, how gladly would I have sent to him this acknowledgement of my errors; and what a peaceful moment would my passage from this world to the next have been, had I been blest with the assurance of his forgiveness. But, Sir, imagine to yourself the wretched extremity to which I have brought myself, when I feel that I am dying under the ban of a broken-hearted father's curse, and in utter despair of pardon from my God. I would make some amends for the injury which I have done to society, by leaving my example upon record as a beacon to its younger members, that may warn them of the certain retribution which must sooner or later overtake the disobedient child in this world, with agonies of reflection that give to the sting of Death a pang more full of anguish than the separation of soul and body.

I now write to you from a prison, in which I have been immured for the murder of my kindest friend in a duel. It is true I have done no more than hundreds have done before me. I have immolated a husband and a father upon the altar of false honour, after having seduced his wife. I have brought death, and disgrace, and poverty, into a family, now consisting of a degraded mother and seven young children, placed in a worse than orphan'd condition by my hellish arts and diabolical villany. There were many circumstances in my instance of a more aggravating nature than the common one of "killing our man" in a rencontre of honour. The case developed a most deliberate plan of artifice and premeditated guilt—the judge, jury, and court were all struck with horror at the infamous system which I had pursued with a cold-blooded perseverance, that

could only be adopted by a civilized savage; yet as there was no proof of any deviation from the established etiquette of going out with my victim, and as by killing him I had prevented him from bringing any evidence of the adultery, I was only found guilty of manslaughter, fined 50*l.* and sentenced to two years imprisonment. To-morrow the term of my incarceration will be completed; but, before the dawn will rise upon my iniquitous head, I shall have inflicted that punishment upon myself to which the imperfect laws of my country could not doom me. Yet why do I call it punishment, when in truth it is no more than freeing myself from the fetters of life, the iron of which enters into my soul? My Soul! Ah! What is it? There is something in that word which chills me with a horrible dread of somewhat still to come, which is a million times heavier to be borne than even the torments that now rack me with a power of reminiscence which I would fain get rid of for ever. But will the fangs of this demon Conscience hold me in their merciless gripe when all the man will be reduced to dust, and no one shall be able to say, This was a thankless child—the fiend that broke his aged father's heart; an Adulterer—the seducer of his dearest friend's wife; a Duellist—the murderer of that friend; a Suicide—the wretch who broke the laws of nature, of society, and of God, and then defied the vengeance of his Maker by hurling back upon that Maker's omnipotence his gracious grant of life, after having polluted it with every crime that could render it a curse to others and to himself?

I cannot stop to meditate upon the tremendous question—I see by my watch that I have only a few more minutes to exist, for I have fixed on the next stroke of the prison-clock as the last that will mark the hour to my living ear.

Can you believe it, Sir? I was the son of a Clergyman—I was the darling of my father—I was the beloved of my mother—I was the promise, the fairest hope of their parental care—I was respected, esteemed, nay, courted, by the friends of both; for my poor abused father gave me an excellent education, even to the inconvenient extent of mort-

gaging my widowed mother's jointure to defray the expenses of my acquirements ; and that mother was widowed by my parricidal hand ! And thou, too, beautiful emblem of pious simplicity—thou, Emma !—thou, who couldst pledge to me thy young and artless heart—thou didst assure me that I was once worthy of thy love ; but thou hast escaped my snares. The Providence of Heaven removed thee from my libertine grasp. I must be hated by thee, yet I have not whelmed thine innocence in the vortex of my crimes ! Thou art now in a foreign land with the guardian of thy youthful years—Where is thy last letter ? I will read it once more. No, no, 'tis a useless pang ; I will not read it—'tis time I were no more. I cannot pray, or I would invoke all God's choicest blessings on thee. Farewell, my Emma ! Mine art thou ? Devil that I am ; how dare I call thee mine ? Angel as thou art !—I give thee to thy God ! He is alone worthy of thee ; for thou art His in mind, and heart, and soul ! And thou shalt be a ministering spirit of His Throne, when I am the companion of kindred demons !

But whither am I wandering—Sir, I would have thought of Heaven ; but I am myself a Hell ! You must connect my dreadful tale, and it shall be brief. I think I have told you I was the son of a clergyman. I lived until I was twenty under the auspices of his tender care. Then——O what a rush of frightful thoughts press upon my brain—then, Sir, I entered the army. Among my brother-officers, I singled out one who was the confidant of my every wish. He was brave, joyous, unrestrained—too manly to be restricted by such dronish maxims of religion and moral truth as those that were stored in my bosom. He laughed at being told his pleasures were false—his enjoyments transient. He revelled in all the gratifications of sense.

"I live," said he, "to make the most of life : the next ball may stretch me on the field : then why anticipate the blow ? My good fellow, you may be a saint—I am a sinner ; and so I save myself all the reluctant scruples of your struggles, between a desire to taste the joy, and a superstitious fear of its forbidden banquet."

It was by such remonstrances that he at length subdued my apprehensions. I took the goblet of licentiousness from his hand, and drained it to the dregs. I escaped the wounds which mingled him among the slain—I saw him fall—I heard his last groan ; but I called to mind that I had gained a step by succeeding to his command. Peace put a stop to my military career. I returned to my father's house ; but, ah ! how altered now the tranquil scene ! By my repeated drafts upon his resources, I had diminished his comforts. He expostulated—I retorted. I no longer regarded him as an authorized monitor, and scorned to brook his earnest yet mild representations of my unfilial return for all his anxieties and liberal supplies. My companion in arms had perfected his work before he fell—He had rooted out of my breast all consciousness of duty. I was old enough, he would often say to me, to think and act for myself. I soon adopted the sentiment—I persisted in so doing. 'Evil was now my good ;' and with what alacrity I followed its suggestion let the sequel speak.

I was now on a lieutenant's half-pay. I was cramped in my purse, but I was too much a man of pleasure to contract my expenses. I left my paternal house without deigning to take leave of the authors of my being—I had infused the most deadly poison in their half-emptied cup of life—I filled it to the brim with woe—I planted the most piercing thorns in every path of their declining course—nay, Sir, I rejected their embrace, when I left them for the metropolis ; whither I was invited by a woman to whom my military friend had introduced me, as I passed thro' that centre of gaiety and delight, in our march to join our regiment.

In her arms I forgot all—all whom I ought to have loved—all whom I ought to have esteemed—him who begat me—her who bore me—the friends who counselled me—nay, the believing maid who had accepted my early plighted vows ; my fame—my fortunes—all present and future good—all were absorbed in the whirlpool of vice. Yet, before I turned my back upon my sire, he took hold of my hand—he pressed it—(Oh that I could now feel that pres-

sure ! 'twould save me, 'twould snatch me from perdition. My father ! Ah, no, I call in vain ; he hears me not. Yet, at this instant of horrible decision, I seem again to hear the accents of his quivering lips)—“ Charles,” said he, “ you leave us—whence this unkindness ; stay with us awhile, at least, until you have regained your better mind. What offends you ?—is it my poverty ?—remember what share you have taken in the cause. Is it because I can no longer minister to your extravagance ?—alas ! you know I have no more to give. Look at these tears—are they tears of joy ? Let your own heart answer the needless question. Turn your eyes upon your fainting mother—under what burden does she sink ? and who has brought upon her the deadly weight ? My Charles ! my son !—nay, do not repulse my yearning heart, my poor mistaken boy ! my erring yet forgiven child—O be again what once I rejoiced to see you—be again our endeared, our virtuous child, and you will, indeed, be happy. Charles, how this cold hand chills my frame !—And are you so lost to all my endearments ? Must I part with you thus ?—Ah ! I have lived too long, for my own flesh and blood shrinks from my touch—my child tears his father’s heart with willing hands.”—— I would hear no more ; I stamped in fury on the floor, and casting him from me, hurried out of the room ; the next morning I found myself at the lodgings of the mistress of my deceased friend. With her I lived in all the profligate habits of criminal dissipation, until my ready money was all exhausted ; I then sold my half pay. This was soon gone. And then, at her instigation, I wrote to my father a penitential letter, full of expressions of pretended remorse—hypocrisy suggested falsehood, and I framed a story of my having been arrested for eighty pounds ; that I should be eternally disgraced if I did not discharge the debt—that, as soon as this was done, I would return to the parsonage ; and, having seen my error, would gladly recover his good opinion, and requite his fatherly care, by an unremitting life of filial compensation for the cruel unkindness of my conduct.

I entreated my dearest mother (for so I prostituted the hallowed terms of affection to the purpose of a lie) would forgive and again receive her prodigal, who now desired nothing so much as to mingle his tears of contrition with those which I was still in hope would be to her a constant spring of future joy.—This artful scheme succeeded—I received a draft for 100*l*. with a letter from each of my deluded parents—not a syllable of reproach—not a sentence of sorrowful complaining—all was generous, forgiving and affectionate. Oh, Sir, by what infatuation was I still hurried on to my destruction. The vile partner of my guilt mocked at the tenderness which she knew I did not deserve—Nay, even I, despicable ingrate as I was, joined in the abominable ridicule. A few days more, and this supply was wasted. For a month we lived upon credit. At last, my creditors became clamorous ; and, amidst all the mortifications of a state of debt, I received a letter from my father, through the correspondent on whom he had drawn. But ah, Sir, to what a use did I apply it. The foul fiend to whom I had surrendered my honour, my truth, and my conscience, hinted how easy it would be to imitate my father’s hand, and to draw another draft as a postscript to this letter. Lost as I was to every just feeling, this suggestion struck me with alarm—I hesitated, and attempted to reason against the proposal ; nor did she prevail with me until she threatened to leave me. The woman was now necessary to my happiness—and I dreaded her carrying her threat into execution, more than I did the perpetration of so infamous a deed. At length, I assented—and forged my father’s handwriting for 130*l*. The same person gave me the cash, but added, that, with the hope of its being remitted by the end of the month, he would honour the draft, although he was now in considerable advance—he knew, however, my father’s integrity, and should trust to him for the return of the amount within the time he had mentioned. I wrote to my father to allay the fears he had expressed for my welfare, and promised that I would be with him in a week. This

promise I never meant to keep—for I set out with the shameless companion of my wickedness for France, the very next day. But, Sir, to shorten this detail of iniquity, I shall pass over many intermediate events, uninteresting to all but those whom I would not gratify with the success of a system of fraud and deception by which I contrived to secure resources for the licentious indulgences of a month's residence in Paris. My father had discovered all. To stop those proceedings against me which must have ended fatally, he hushed up the matter of the forgery—sold his small living to pay the amount, and retired into lodgings with my mother, in an obscure street in Dublin. On the morning which brought me a letter from him, I was deprived of the woman whom I now began to consider in a different light to that in which I had hitherto regarded her. A *ci-devant* officer of Buonaparte's Guard de Corps relieved me at once by taking her off with him to Marseilles. At first, I felt as if my honour was deeply injured, and made preparations to follow him, and to demand satisfaction for his conduct—but a moment's reflection convinced me that honour had nothing to do with it, and I turned my thoughts to once again seeking a reconciliation with my parents. I now began to be sensible of something like real sorrow for the undutiful and degrading tenor of my life. Those who have no gratitude in themselves are most prompt to exclaim against the ungrateful principles of others when they themselves are the sufferers. I loudly inveighed against the selfish treachery of her for whose sake I had turned my back upon my weeping parents—I saw, and for that moment felt, that the companions of our vices are not to be trusted with our happiness. The recollection of what I might have been, and the conviction of what I was, rolled in a tide of self-upbraidings upon my mind. I resolved to measure back my steps, and endeavour to regain that peace of mind which I had so rashly thrown away. I now took up my pen to express the genuine feelings of my heart; but I feared they would be suspected by those whom I had already so cruelly deceived. I

quickly followed my letter, and arrived in Dublin the day after it had reached them. When I entered the room, my father looked at me (even now his countenance is before me) with that indescribable mixture of parental reproach and regret, and with so much unutterable grief in every feature, that I stood condemned before him, without the power of saying a word in extenuation of my transgressions. My mother, too, ah! so altered—so wan—so despondent. What could I do? I implored their forgiveness; not so much considering my crimes as the baneful consequence which they had produced in the health and comfort of those who were still dear to me—nay, dearer, at that instant, than ever.

The pardon was granted; and even with an assurance that they would forget as well as forgive the violation of their peace. I was again in the abode of piety and virtue—for a time I felt as if I was born anew—I was again their son—I had been lost and was found; dead, and was alive again. It was settled that I should go into partnership with a friend of my father's in the wool trade. A capital was required; this was advanced, partly in cash and the rest in bills. All was accomplished according to my wish, and now I had only to return to the path of rectitude to be as happy as I could desire. My partner was a few years younger than my father; two years before my joining him, he had married a young woman of respectable connections and considerable property; I saw her, and instantly marked her for my prey. I became the subtle tempter of her virtue, and like the wily serpent, gradually insinuated myself into her affections. I succeeded in my diabolical plans—she was my victim. For some months our illicit correspondence proceeded without discovery or suspicion. But her heart was not vicious, and her conscience rejected the hypocrisy and falsehood which she was compelled to practise. Her scruples became troublesome to me, and her continual reproaches exasperated me. At length she resolved to rid herself of the abject tyranny of guilt with which she felt herself oppressed. She fled one evening

from her husband and her infant children; and, in an hour after, she was brought home apparently drowned. The means used for her recovery were successful. I was in the house, suspecting nothing of her intentions. My partner was distracted; and I had scarcely command enough over myself to assume that sort of interest which I thought might shew sufficient concern for him without betraying any extraordinary agitation. But, Sir, I must confess the depravity of my heart: I secretly wished that she might not be recovered. As soon, however, as she was come to herself, she desired to be left alone with her husband. I waited in trepidation below. I heard his hurried step, in a few minutes after, descending the staircase. He burst open the door of the room in which I was sitting. "Wretch," said he, "it is to you I owe this misery." He threw himself upon me and seized me by the throat in a paroxysm of rage. With difficulty I disengaged myself from his grasp, and, by an effort of superior strength, cast him upon the floor. I then left the house and departed to my lodgings. There I found a note from the aunt of Miss Emma P***, a young lady to whom I paid my addresses—even at the time that I was carrying on my infamous amour with the wife of my partner. In this note I received a positive dismissal of my pretensions, and an interdict of all future visits to the house; accompanied with the information that my shameless conduct towards Mrs. ——— was already known, and that, by the time I received that note, Miss P. would have left Dublin for Hamburg; where her uncle would protect her from the insolent persecution of so base a wretch as I had proved myself.

In an hour after this a friend of my partner's called upon me, with a message from him, demanding instant satisfaction for the irreparable outrage which I had committed upon his peace and happiness. At first, I hesitated; but the expression of 'cowardly traitor' determined me, and I accepted the challenge—to meet him on the next morning, at the time and place appointed. A young officer of my regiment was upon a visit in the city. I went to him directly, and he readily promised to go out with me.

I will not attempt to describe to you the conflicts of my mind—the horrors of my conscience—and the sinkings of my heart; I was then convinced that, however desperate a man may be, true courage has not a place in the guilty breast.

I staid with my young friend until the morning dawned: I then returned to my lodgings; wrote a short letter to my father and mother, beseeching them to forget that they ever had a son, in every sense so unworthy of them, and imploring them not to curse my memory should I fall in the rencontre. I expressed myself anxious to die—that my crimes had rendered me hateful to myself, to society, and my God, and that I would never again brave their reproaches. This letter I put into the hands of my second as we proceeded to the fatal spot. My partner and I met—the ground was twelve paces. We fired two cases.—The seconds interfered; but he would hear of no compromise, and was resolved that one of us should fall. My next fire took effect. The ball struck him in the forehead, and he fell a corpse into the arms of his friend. I disdained to fly, and surrendered myself to a magistrate, who committed me to prison. My wretched parents flew to me, I refused to see them. In a week after, I heard that my father had been attacked with an apoplectic fit, which had carried him off in two days; and my mother, unable to bear up against the accumulation of her sorrows, lost her senses. I was brought to trial; and, heedless of what might be the result, I pleaded guilty; and my sentence has been the heaviest punishment I could endure. Instantaneous death had been mercy: for worse than the most cruel of deaths has been my doom, to live through the two years of my sentence. My brain has at times given way beneath the torments of reflection, and I have been deprived of every possible opportunity of ridding myself of a detested existence, until last night; when, having previously appeared more collected for a fortnight past, I contrived to deceive one of my fellow-prisoners, so far as to induce him to lend me a penknife, under the pretext of wanting it to mend my pen.

My hour is come, and I rush upon

self-destruction as the only resource that I can seek for my repose. And will it be repose! Ah! what rest can there remain for a soul so deeply plunged in guilt as mine. I go to an unknown world, and an unknown God. At this moment a voice from the tomb shrieks in my ears, 'there is no peace to the wicked.' My murdered father—my assassinated partner and his maddened wife—my poor lunatic mother, stand before me! Yes, you shall be satisfied. Blood demands blood! The hand that writes this, lays down the pen to take up the instrument of death! I pause but to thank you, Sir, for all your pastoral attentions; but no prayer can reach the throne of grace in my behalf—I am a fit companion for devils. Now, now, Sir, the earth is no longer insulted by the fiend that has stained it with the heart's-gore of his dearest and nearest friends—his generous and abused bene-

factors. One last effort and the deed is done—one effectual effort, and only the name, the execrated name, will remain of,
The Villain, T. G.

MR. EDITOR,

On the evening this ill-fated youth wrote this, he attempted the dreadful act of suicide—He failed to accomplish it. I have been frequently with him since, and have, I trust, brought him to a just sense of his flagitious design. I will transmit to you by the next packet the result of my visits and admonitions; should you think that the narrative will be of any service as a warning to those young persons who embrace with so much precipitancy the vicious delights of the world, and shut their hearts and their ears against all parental claims upon their filial obedience and prudential submission to the advice and experience of the virtuous and the wise.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN ENGLAND. CONTINUED.

From the New Monthly Magazine, July, 1818.

AT Carlisle the old castle is worth seeing. We were shewn the room where Mary Stuart was imprisoned, and the window at which she often sat and wrote her poems. The Cathedral is a very ancient building, I believe of Saxon origin. We saw Mr. Titsen's whip manufactory, and a manufactory of water-proof beaver hats.

Longtown, where we slept on the 24th, is the last English town on the frontiers of Scotland. We left it early in the morning of the 25th. To the north rise the Scotch mountains: the country between is chiefly meadow land; the cattle are small, of a brown or black colour. Large quantities of turf (peat) are found here. A small stream forms the boundary. On the Scotch side is the village of Gretna Green, notorious for the marriages concluded there. In England, minors are not allowed to marry without the consent of their parents; and when the young people find too many difficulties, they frequently get joined together here, where no formality is required except a

deposition on oath that the parties are not already married. The marriages contracted in Scotland in this manner are considered as legal in England.

The country has in this part a wretched appearance, and the miserable scattered huts are covered with straw. The expression of the countenance of the inhabitants is changed; the people are meagre and ill clothed. The road passes near Leadhills, so called from the lead mines they contain. A neighboring village is inhabited entirely by miners, who, to divert their leisure hours in this solitude, have formed a library.

In the evening we reached Hamilton, a castle belonging to the Duke of this name. The next morning he accompanied us to Glasgow, where we alighted at the house of the lord provost. We visited the new town hall: the courts of justice are like those of Lancaster; the prisons which we minutely examined, are in the back part of the building. Two small rooms are assigned for the confinement of criminals sentenced to death. One, in which the criminals are

confined without chains is remarkable for having its walls covered with tin plates. In the other, relations are allowed to visit the condemned. The prisons for thieves constitute a second division; they consist of small cells, and one large room with a fire-place, in which the prisoners remain during the day. The mattresses are placed upon the ground. A third division contains the prisons for debtors, which consist of rooms with decent beds where the prisoners are allowed on a certain day in the week to receive visits from their friends.

We were taken to the Cathedral.—While we were examining it, a multitude of curious people, students, &c. who wanted to see us, came in. The crowd soon became so great, that they mounted on the seats and benches with loud huzzas. This pressure, though occasioned entirely by feelings of respect, was rather troublesome to us. It may be concluded from this circumstance, that in certain points of civilization the people are here rather behindhand. In general we were obliged to pay our visits in a carriage, in order to avoid the pressure of the crowd.

The Lunatic Asylum, founded by subscription in 1810, deserves notice on account of its arrangement. The rooms of the lunatics are distinguished according to their condition, sex, and the degree of their disorder. There is accommodation for 120 patients. The apartments for rich patients are in the first story; they are pretty and very convenient: the patients are divided into eight classes, each of which has a separate garden to walk in. The whole building is warmed by one fire-place. Under a vault there is a large stove: it heats an iron plate, over which the air passes, and communicates warmth to all parts of the building. Great order and cleanliness prevail in the whole establishment. The expenses of the building, and fitting up, amounted, as we were informed, to more than 18,000*l.* sterling.

We were conducted to a private house, the owner of which carries on a speculation on a large scale, to supply the city with good milk: he keeps in two stalls two hundred and thirty milch cows; in a third, under ground, are

those which are designed to be fattened. In summer the cows are fed with grass and green barley; in winter, with a mixture of potatoes, turnips and chopped straw, on which hot water is poured. A steam engine sets in motion one machine to cut straw, another which cuts the turnips, a small one to thresh corn, and five or six others to churn butter. In twenty minutes they can make nearly 100 lbs. of butter. The steam which sets the machine in motion, also warms all the water wanted in the house.

We returned in the evening and visited as we passed by, the Blantyre cotton-works belonging to the Lord Provost of Glasgow. This was the largest cotton-yarn manufactory we had hitherto seen: 600 persons are employed in it; but it is far inferior in point of order and arrangement, to that of Messrs. Lee and Co. which we had seen at Manchester. It is, like that, lighted with gas, which is procured in the same manner. Nine retorts are employed to distil the coal; but as the coal which is used here is inferior to the cannel coal used in Manchester, the gas has an acid and disagreeable smell.

After we had passed the evening in an agreeable company, which was entertained by the lady of the house, in the most attentive manner, we continued on the 28th our usual visits to the manufactories, &c. The first that we saw was the manufactory in which seventeen looms, set in motion by a steam-engine, embroider muslin in frames. The simplest patterns only can be wrought in this manner, such as spots, leaves, &c. The machines are very complicated, and embroider at the same time; it is the needles that are put in motion. The work proceeds rapidly, but is far inferior to embroidery by hand. This process seems not to have had the success that the inventor promised himself from it, for he lives in great indigence: the first proprietors of the undertaking were ruined; and the present possessor keeps only two or three looms at work; but he has most work embroidered by hand, and employs nearly two hundred persons in the neighbourhood.

On the 29th we first visited the dyeing-house of Adrianople or Turkish red,

belonging to Messrs. Monteith, Boyle, and Company. Three thousand pieces are dyed there every week. The red dye is prepared from madder. They use that of Alsace (which is the worst). That from Marseilles, and that which comes from Smyrna are the best.

We afterwards visited the University, the buildings of which form a large square, containing the lecture rooms, the museum, the library, the house of the professors, a garden, &c. The professors received us at the door, and conducted us into the great lecture room, where the students were assembled. One of these made us a speech in the English language, of which we understood very little. A professor made a second speech in bad French, which we understood better. In conclusion, the Principal, in honor of us, gave the students a holiday; upon which a loud huzza and a considerable noise arose. The Surgical Lecture room is uncommonly handsome, in the form of an amphitheatre, and receives light from the roof.

The handsomest building in the University is that in which Dr. Hunter's Museum is deposited. It is a rotunda, with some side rooms. Doctor Hunter, who died in 1783, bequeathed to the University of Glasgow, where he had studied, all his collections, which were very considerable for a private individual. The value of them is estimated at above 120,000*l.* sterling. The collection of coins and medals is of extraordinary value; that of anatomical preparations is very numerous, and may be said to be nearly complete. In the mineralogical collection, the zoolites from Feroe, presented by Mr. Mackenzie,* are remarkable. The collection of stuffed birds and beasts is very indifferent. Two mammoth heads struck us as great curiosities. The collection of shells is beautiful. The museum possesses also antiquities found in Scotland, inscriptions on stone, a fine library, and several paintings, among which a St. Catharine by Dominichino is worthy of notice.

The University at Glasgow has fourteen professors, some of whom have the reputation of great learning. The number of Students amounts to fifteen hun-

dred, of whom six hundred wear red cloaks: they are those who attend the lectures on the belles lettres, Greek and Latin literature, logic, natural philosophy, and ethics. Each course of lectures costs two or three guineas. The salaries of the professors are trifling; their chief emolument depends on the lectures.

There is also in Glasgow a medical faculty, or school, which has nine professors. The University of Glasgow was founded by a bull of Pope Nicholas V. at the desire of James II. The bull is dated January 7, 1450. It is only within the last twenty years that Glasgow has been celebrated as a school of medicine: at an earlier period it had only about forty students, and now the anatomical lectures alone are attended by more than 400. The library which consists of about 50,000 volumes, contains many rare works.

In the evening the town gave us a grand entertainment, at which the Lord Provost presided, and to which the most considerable persons of the city were invited. During the entertainment numerous toasts were proposed. The ceremonies observed had something like free-masonry in them, and the signal for filling the glasses was given by a hammer. Every body was in high spirits, and tho' most of the guests grew warm towards the end of the entertainment, the whole passed with great decorum.

On the 30th we began our visits with Cook's foundery: it is in the south part of the town. On entering we were struck with a wheel for an hydraulic machine, made entirely of cast iron, sixteen feet in diameter, and four fathoms in length: on each side is a cog-wheel, which is designed to catch in a handle. The machine is so constructed that the ebb and flood alike set it in motion. On the one side it is to move a sawing mill, and on the other a sugar mill; it is intended for Demarara. The most remarkable things at Cook's are his steam-engines.

We then went to Greenock. A canal is cut from the Clyde: the steam-boat, which had about thirty passengers on board, met us, and we went some miles in it. It is a large vessel built upon a keel, in the middle of which there is a

* Sir George Mackenzie, we presume.—Editor.

steam-engine. It cost 3000*l.* and brings in that sum annually. Eight persons, including the captain, composed the crew, and five persons are enough when the vessel is laden with goods only.

We ended this little excursion with a visit to the alum manufactory of Mr. Macintosh, which furnishes 30 cwt. every week. On our return to Glasgow we visited the water-works, which are erected on one side of the town near the river, under the direction of Watt. Large pumps on the side of the river draw the

water, which is supplied by pipes joined together, fifteen inches in diameter, and two fathoms in length, which lie in the bed of the river. A reservoir with condensed air forces up the water into a large receiver in the city; a steam engine sets the pump in motion. The erection of these water-works cost the proprietors 100,000*l.* sterling. The sale of the water to private individuals brings in 10 per cent on the capital. There is a second hydraulic machine, of the same kind, on the other side of the city.

VARIETIES.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE ALISMA-PLANTAGO.

BY recent accounts from Russia and Germany, it appears that the *Alisma-Plantago*, or water-plantain, is now, in those countries, regarded as an infallible cure for hydrophobia. An experiment recently made by M. de Saint-Do, Curate of La Chevroliere, (in the Department of the Lower Loire), appears to confirm its virtues.

About the 15th of last December, two young cows were bitten by a mad dog; one in particular was wounded in a severe way. The *Alisma-Plantago* was immediately applied as a remedy. M. de Saint-Do succeeded in administering to the cow which had been severely bitten, a certain quantity of the dried root; the other, which could only be brought to swallow a very small dose, died of the hydrophobia a few days after. The former animal has not, up to the present moment, manifested any symptoms of disease.

This experiment seems calculated to remove every doubt respecting the advantages arising from the use of the *Alisma-Plantago*, as a cure for hydrophobia among the human species.

From the Literary Gazette, July, 1818.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

In March 1802, a child of Jonathan White, Southgate, Chichester, about six months old, had a small double-bladed knife, nearly two inches and a half in length, given it to play with in the cradle. The infant swallowed it, and, as may be supposed, soon became uneasy

in its stomach, though otherwise healthy. On the 24th of May, the shortest blade was discharged by the bowels; the back of it very much corroded, its edges being ragged, uneven, and saw-like; the rivet was entirely dissolved. On the 16th June, after more than usual uneasiness and the rejection of food, the child vomited one side of the horn handle, very much softened, and bent double: a small bit of iron passed a few days after; and on the 24th July, another bit of a wedge-like shape, much corroded and full of holes, and apparently the large blade. The child was now much emaciated, the fæces blackish, and the abdomen inflamed externally. August 11th, the back of the knife, and soon after the other side of the horn handle, were vomited, and the infant thereafter recovered entirely. This case, fully authenticated, has been published.

WITCHES.

Professor Böhmer, at Göttingen, has published a very interesting and valuable work under the title of "*Manual of the Literature of Criminal Law.*" In this work we find the following proof of the superstition and cruelty which prevailed in Hungary, with respect to Witches, in the first half of the last century. In a report from the Segedin, of 26th of July, 1728, it is said, 'As several persons of both sexes have been lately thrown into prison here, they have not only been very strictly examined, but also . . . sentenced to be burned. But before this sentence was executed on them, they were first, according to the

custom of this place, put to the proof; that is to say, they were let down into the water, with their hands bound, and a long rope fastened round their bodies; but, according to the manner of witches, they floated on the water like a piece of dry wood. After this, they were immediately put to the second proof, namely, laid in the scales, to see how heavy each was, upon which it was astonishing to behold that a tall and robust woman weighed no more than three drams, and her husband, who was not of the smallest, only five drams, and the rest on an average only half an ounce three drams, and even less. On the 20th of this month the sentence was executed on thirteen persons, namely, six sorcerers and seven witches, who were all burned alive. Among them the last year's justice of the town, a man otherwise highly esteemed by every body, 82 years old, adorned the funeral pile!!! It is not to be described how dreadful this spectacle was to behold; three wood piles were erected a league from the town, with a great stake fixed in the middle of each; to this stake four malefactors were bound with ropes upon each pile, and then a woman, who was not yet burned, was beheaded - - - thereupon all the piles were kindled, and set in full flames at once. - - - There are eight more still in prison: these have already been swam and weighed, sustain the ordeal for witches," &c.

From the London Literary Gazette, July, 1818.

THE INCOMBUSTIBLE MAN.

THERE is so much of philosophy mixed up with common show, in the exhibition of *Ivan Ivanitz Chabert*, that we presume on some account of the phenomena he exhibits being acceptable. This person, and a Signora Girardelli, have recently revived the public attention to certain curious powers, either naturally possessed or artificially communicated to the human frame. We have not seen the performances of the lady, but from the report of friends, and a very clever and accurate account of them in Constable's *Edinburgh Magazine*, and from our own remarks upon those of the male "*Fire-proof*," we shall endeavour to bring the matter sufficiently under the eye of our readers.

The power of resisting the action of heat has been claimed, and to a certain wonderful degree enjoyed, by persons in all ages. Much of imposture has been founded upon it, and much of injustice perpetrated under its operation. By the ancients, and by the comparatively moderns, by Hindus and by Christians, it has been made the test of truth or the trial of faith. Sophocles mentions it in the *Antigone*, and Virgil and Varro tell us, that the priests of Apollo on Mount Soracte would walk over burning coals with naked feet. The priests of the temple of Feronia were, according to Strabo, equally incombustible. The *Saludadores* or *Santiguadores*, of Spain, pretended to prove their descent from St. Catharine by this ordeal, and one of them carried the jest of imposition so far, that he went into an oven and was literally baked to a cinder. The earliest instance of fire ordeal in Christendom occurred in the fourth century, when Simplicius, Bishop of Autun, and his wife (married before his promotion, and living with him after it,) demonstrated the platonic purity of their intercourse, by putting burning coals upon their flesh without injury. This miracle was repeated by St. Brice about a century after; and it is generally known to what a monstrous pitch the trial by fire was carried through many succeeding ages, when craft was canonized and innocence martyred upon frauds like these. Pope Etienne 5th condemned all trials of this kind as false and superstitious, and Frederick the 2d prohibited them as absurd and ridiculous.

From being the object of religious belief, and of judicial importance, the feats of human salamanders descended into itinerant wonders. About 1677, an Englishman, named Richardson, exhibited in Paris; and M. Dodart, an Academician, published in the *Journal des Savans* an explanation of his performances on rational principles. They seem to have been of the same nature with those of Madame Girardelli and M. Chabert; chewing and swallowing burning coals, licking a hot iron with his tongue, &c. In 1754, the famous Mr. Powel, the fire-eater, distinguished himself in England, an account of whose exploits is contained in the *Gentleman's*

Magazine for February 1755: and so late as 1803 the incombustible Spaniard, Senor Lionetto, performed in Paris, where he attracted the particular attention of Dr. Sementini, professor of chemistry, and other scientific gentlemen of that city. It appears that a considerable vapour and smell rose from the parts of his body to which the fire and heated substances were applied, and in this he differs from both the persons now in this country.

In M. Chabert's bill the following are announced as the "extraordinary proofs of his supernatural power of resisting the most intense heat of every kind; and he pledges himself that no sleight of hand, as is usual in these things, will be practised:

1. He will forge with his feet a bar of red hot iron.
 2. He will undergo the torture by fire, as used in the Spanish Inquisition.
 3. He will drink, positively, boiling oil.
 4. He will drop on his tongue a large quantity of burning sealing wax, from which any of the company may take impressions of their seals.
 5. He will eat burning charcoal.
 6. He will inspire the flame of a torch.
 7. Will bathe his feet in boiling lead, and pour it into his mouth with his hand.
 8. Will pour the strongest aqua-fortis on steel filings, and trample on it with his bare feet.
 9. Will rub a red-hot shovel on his arms and legs, and hold it on his head until the hair shall be too warm for any by-stander to hold his hand on it.
 10. He will pour vitriol, oil, and arsenic into the fire, and hold his head in the flames and inhale the vapours.
 11. He will eat of a lighted torch with a fork, as if it were salad.
 12. Will pour aqua-fortis on a piece of copper in the hollow of his hand."
- Of these undertakings, what he actually did, was as follows:

1. He took a red hot iron, like a spade, and repeatedly struck it or stamped briskly upon it, with the sole of his bare foot. The foot was quite cool after the experiment.

2. He held his naked foot long over

the flame of a candle, which did not seem to affect it in the slightest degree, though in contact with the skin.

3. Oil appeared to boil in a small brazier, and he took nearly two table spoonfulls into his mouth and swallowed it. In the former experiments there could not, by possibility, be any trick; and, in the latter, if there was any deception, it must have been by having some preparation at the bottom of the brazier, which a slight heat caused to bubble up through the oil, and give it the semblance without the reality of boiling. The spoon was, however, hot; but we think not so much so as if the oil it had lifted had been really at a boiling temperature.

4. The writer of this notice took two impressions of his seal in black sealing wax dropped on Chabert's tongue. It was very thin, but undoubtedly dropt melting from a lighted candle.

5. He put several small pieces of burning charcoal into his mouth.

6. Not done.

7. A quantity of melted lead was poured into a utensil like a washing copper, into which Chabert leapt barefooted. It did appear to us, however, that he stood upon his heels in a part of the vessel, over which the metal did not flow. With regard to pouring the boiling lead into his mouth, he seemed to lift a small quantity of what either was or resembled boiling lead, from the crucible to his mouth, and thence spit it into a plate in a sort of granular state. We could not minutely examine this experiment, but it is possible that Mercury might be introduced to give a fluid the semblance of boiling lead. Nor is it likely that lead could be lifted in this way with the fingers.

8. Done according to the programme, but it cannot be ascertained that the aqua-fortis was 'the strongest,' and if not, there is little marvellous in the exploit.

9. Nearly correct. He waited some time with a shovel in his hand while explaining what he was about to do; he then scraped up his arm with the edge of it, and subsequently licked it with his tongue, and smoothed his hair with its flat side. The hair felt hot in consequence, but there was no smell, no va-

pour, nor any appearance of singeing. The tongue looked white and furry—the moisture on it hissed.

10. Not done.

11 & 12. Performed as stated. The blazing salad was visible in his open mouth, near the throat, for several seconds, and had an extraordinary effect in lighting this human vault in so unusual a manner.

It is thus evident, that whatever there may be of deception in these performances, there is still enough of the curious to merit attention. M. Chabert asserts, that he is the *only naturally* incombustible being exhibiting; the others using preparations which he disclaims. He is a dark, stout, not unpleasant looking man, and, as he says, a Russian by birth. His story is, that he fell into the fire when a year old without suffering any injury; and a similar accident when he was twelve, from which he also escaped unburnt, demonstrated that he possessed the quality of resisting fire.

Of course we cannot determine what may be depended upon in this statement. How much of the power clearly possessed to resist greater degrees of heat than other men may be a natural gift, how much the result of chemical applications, and how much from having the parts indurated by long practice—probably all three are combined in this phenomenon. Of the recipes for rendering the skin and flesh fire-proof, *Albertus Magnus*, in his work *De Mirabilis Mundi*, writes, "Take juice of marshmallow, and white of egg, and flea-bane seeds, and lime; powder them, and mix juice of radish with the white of egg; mix all thoroughly, and with this composition anoint your body or hand, and allow it to dry, and afterwards to anoint again, and after this you may boldly take up hot iron without hurt." Such a paste would be very visible. 'Pure spirit of sulphur,' rubbed on the parts, is said to have been the secret practised by Richardson. 'Spirit of sulphur, sal ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and onion juice,' is another of the recipes. The book of *Hocus Pocus* prescribes '½ oz. camphire, dissolved in 2 oz. aqua-vitæ; add 1 oz. quicksilver, 1 oz. liquid storax, which is

the droppings of myrrh, and hinders the camphire from firing,—take also 2 oz. hematatis, which is a red stone, to be had at the druggists, which, being put to the above composition, anoint well your feet with it, and you may walk over a red hot iron bar without the least inconvenience.'

No doubt but diluted sulphuric, nitric, or Muriatic Acid, or a saturated solution of burnt alum, being repeatedly rubbed on the skin, will render it less sensible to the action of caloric. Hard soap, or a soap paste rubbed over the tongue, will preserve it from being burnt by a hot iron rapidly passed over it.

After all, however, habit must be a principal agent in the attainment of the very considerable insensibility to heat, which, making every allowance for dexterity and deception, this person evidently possesses. His contact with the hottest instruments was but momentary; and it is well known that blacksmiths, plumbers, glass makers, confectioners, and other tradesmen, whose occupations lead them to the endurance of great fires, are capable of sustaining heat far beyond the powers of other men. Moisture too, skilfully employed, will do much in preserving the flesh from danger. A wet finger may be safely dipped into a pan of boiling sugar, and even without being wet, if instantly withdrawn and plunged in water; a thin crust of sugar may be thus without danger obtained.

We have thought this subject deserving of the notice we have taken of it. As for the offer to go into an oven with a leg of mutton, &c. we look upon it as one of those quack bravadoes thrown out to attract the multitude; and of a similar cast is M. Chabert's very humane and whimsical invitation, "in cases of sudden fire, if called on, he will be most happy to help any fellow-creatures," &c. We should be sorry to remain in the fire till even an incombustible gentleman was sent for, express, to come to our relief; and, indeed, would rather go to visit him, as we advise those to do who agree with us in considering these extraordinary performances as very different from mere sleight of hand and show.

From the European Magazine.

WONDERS.

Continued from page 420.

We flatter ourselves that we have completely made our peace with the race of wonderers, when we present them with the strange story which follows: Captain Allen, the writer of it, was well known as a man of character and honour. After his death a number of diaries, which he regularly kept, were sold by auction; and it is from one of them that this extract is taken; the affair was doubtlessly a gross imposture; but why so many persons should have joined in such a conspiracy, is a mystery; and yet it seems that the master of the house must have had all or most of his servants as partakers of the plot. Perhaps the story may, now it is made public, fall into the hands of some person, who, living near the spot, may be able to cut this Gordian knot.

“ Extract from a Manuscript Diary of Captain Allen, (since Gentleman-Usher to her Majesty,) A. D. 1751.

“ Friday, Oct. 4th, at eleven, set out from Yarum for Skinner’s grove, the house of one Mr. Appleby, of which Mr. Jackson has given a very odd account he had from the Rev. Mr. Midgeley, of an apparition which haunted the house in a very remarkable manner. As I am very incredulous in these notions of spirits, I was determined to take a journey thither to know the truth, and, if possible, to have all conviction, either by ocular or auricular proof. Accordingly I arrived there about eight at night, and asking for Mr. Appleby (whom I found a sensible man, with a great gentility of behaviour for a tanner,) I told him I had taken the liberty, after hearing such and such reports, to come and ask a few questions relating to a spirit that was said to trouble the house, and that if it would not be inconvenient, I should be obliged to him if he would accommodate me with a room all night. He told me I was extremely welcome, and that he was obliged to any gentleman that would give themselves the trouble to come; and did not doubt but that he should satisfy them, by the account he would give them, which he declared, as he should answer at the great

tribunal, should be true, sincere, and undisguised, and should contain no incident but what had happened and been transacted in his house (at first to the grief and amazement of himself, his wife, and his four servants,) by this invisible and unaccountable agent. He said, that it was five weeks since it had left them, and that once before they were quiet of it for three weeks, and then it returned with double the noise and confusion they had before.

“ In the first place he assured me they had never seen any thing, but that the noise and havock which they had in the house was amazing; that they all were so frightened, that one night, about one o’clock, they thought to quit the house, and retire to a neighbour’s; that they could get no sleep, by reason of their beds being stripped of the clothes, and thrown upon the ground; that the women were thrown into fits by being oppressed with a weight upon their stomachs, equal to an hundred weight; upon this they moved all their beds into one room, determined to share an equal fate: so that two men laid in one bed, two women in another, and the man and his wife in the third: no sooner were they in bed, but the spirit visited them, the door being locked and barred. It first walked along the room, something like a man, but with an uncommon step; immediately the maids cried out they were next to death, by a monstrous weight upon them; on which Mr. Appleby immediately came to their relief; that upon his approaching the beds, something leapt off, walked round him, which he, being a man of courage, followed, and endeavoured to take hold of, but in vain. Upon this he retired to his bed, and immediately the maids cried out, that they were losing the clothes off the bed: he told them to pull hard, which they did, but they* were immediately taken with a violent force, and thrown upon the men: after this it rattled a chain, with a great noise, round the room, and instantaneously they were alarmed with a noise over their heads of a man threshing, as it were threshing corn with a flail, and in a minute was answered by another, and this continu-

* Probably the clothes, not the maids.

ed for fifteen minutes in a very regular way, stroke for stroke, as if two men were threshing; then it descended into the room where they were in bed, and acted the same. Another night it came grunting like a hog, and often imitating the noise of swine eating its food: sometimes it would, in the middle of the room, make a noise like the pendulum of a clock, only much faster; and they assured me, that it continued in their room one morning in June till past five o'clock, and Mrs. Appleby, and all of them, saw the clothes taken off them, and flung with violence upon the maid-servants; but nothing could they discover, neither conceive how they were thus strangely conveyed. Upon these surprising things being done, it was rumoured abroad, that the house was strongly haunted; and Mr. Moore, the landlord, and Justice Beckwith, went to Appleby; and after talking with him, and examining the servants, and telling them this was a concerted scheme among them for some purpose, they agreed to sit up all night. As they were putting the glass about, something entered the room, accompanied with a noise like squirting water out of a squirt; upon which they, with a change of countenance, asked him what that was? Appleby answered, 'It was only a taste of what he every night had a sufficiency of.' Mr. Moore advised him to keep a gun laden, and when he had heard it in the room to discharge the piece. The night following, the family being in bed as usual, it came, and, making a sudden stand, threw something upon the ground, which seemed to them as if some sort of seed had fallen out of a paper. In the morning, Mrs. Appleby, looking about the room, wondered what it could be that had been cast upon the ground, gathered up a considerable quantity of gunpowder in corns, which greatly surprised her. The next night it came in the same manner, but what it let fall made a greater noise, like shot, and in the morning, they, to their real astonishment, found a great many shots. This afforded room for strange conjectures; and accordingly she told me she then did not know what to think, whether it was really an apparition or not; for that

the scattering of this powder and shot the very two succeeding nights after Mr. Moore advised me to shoot, greatly disconcerted them; though again, upon reflection, they had had so many proofs of something more than it was possible for any human creature to perform, that she was again led to believe it must be something not of this world, and that in the throwing down the powder and shot, it might be done in contempt, and was as much as to say, 'What, you would shoot me?' Once, when it was in the midst of its career, one of the men, after composing himself for the purpose, addressed it in these words: 'In the name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou, and what dost thou want? If any person here can contribute to thy ease, speak, and nothing shall be omitted that can procure it.' During the time he was speaking, it was silent, but immediately upon his ceasing it began its usual noise, when he spoke again the same words, but no answer followed. Mr. Appleby declared, that one night, when his servants were very merry, and dancing, and making a considerable noise, that this goblin made so much greater disturbance over their heads, that one would have thought that twenty people were dancing there; upon which he went up then with a light, but nothing could he discover. When he told me this surprising narration, which he delivered with so much plainness and sincerity, free from embarrassment, I own I was something staggered, for he gave not the least cause to suspect his veracity. And upon my examining all his servants, they, without any hesitation, confirmed what their master had advanced: so that my expectation of hearing the reports (which I had heard) refuted, was entirely frustrated, and I no little surprised to hear them so strongly vouched. I desired to lay in the room which this troublesome guest the most frequented; but they told me it occupied the whole house, and no room escaped; so I retired to my apartment at eleven, and read Milton till about one, then went to bed, not without wishing (yet not presumptuously) that I might have some strange conviction before morning, but

met with none ; and after a good night's sleep, arose at seven. One cannot help observing upon this affair, that as a man could have no advantage or end to answer in propagating the story, but, on the contrary, is known to be a person of veracity, and not addicted to lying, it would almost incline one to believe it : I say *almost*, for I own I should give more credit to the thing if I had conviction, either ocular or auricular ; and that one cannot think the man so base as to assert, so strongly as he does, a falsity, and know it to be such : for if it is a collusion, it cannot be carried on without his privity : so that, upon the whole, this is my opinion, I believe, and don't believe."

We cannot help observing, that the very circumstance of the powder and shot ought to have opened the eyes of Captain Allen. Could the most credulous listener to a ghost story believe that a spirit could buy, or steal, such gross substances ? Another remark naturally occurs : where country-folks hear preternatural noises, they are always noises connected with rustic occupations and ideas. Thus Mr. Appleby's spirit sometimes threshed like a labourer, and sometimes grunted like a hog. Similar to this is the behaviour of a brother spectre at F. in Berks, who has kept, and still keeps, possession of the staircase belonging to an antique mansion for many years. This truly rusticated being entertains himself very often in the dead of the night in carrying sacks of invisible corn from the bottom to the landing place on the top of the great stairs, which he there empties. Of this Farmer W. (a man of an excellent character) and his wife and family, are as fully persuaded, as of their existence ! Milton's "lubber-fiend" was formed from the ghosts which haunt farm-houses, not from the spectre which stalks through knightly halls.

From the Literary Gazette, July 1818.

Buxton's Hebrew Lexicon, chap. 9, page 228, says that Eve's name is derived from a word which signifies to talk ; hence it has been said by the Rabbis that there "fell from heaven twelve baskets full of chit-chat, and that the women picked up nine of them."

Father Peter, the jesuit, calculated that, in 260 years, four men might be supposed to have 268,719,000,000 of descendants ; more than would be necessary to people five or six such worlds as ours.

SOURCE OF THE NIGER.

Another enterprize to explore the termination of the Niger is undertaken, and, as in all former ones, with sanguine hopes of success. Captain Gray, of the Royal African corps, is entrusted with the immediate charge of the expedition. He is represented as every way qualified for solving this geographical enigma ; he has been seven years in Africa, and is well acquainted with the Jaloff language. The route is to be that of the Gambia river, which he had already entered. By letters which have been received from this officer, it appears that his arrangements were nearly completed, and, what was of much consequence, his people all well, and in high spirits, notwithstanding the failure of former attempts. A transport had been dispatched to the Cape de Verd Islands, to procure horses and mules, the return of which was soon expected, when Captain Gray would directly commence his journey into the interior. The rainy weather had terminated, and the weather was considered as favourable. Mr. Ritchie, late Private Secretary to Sir Charles Stuart, at Paris, and Captain Marryat, of the Royal Navy, are to attempt a journey towards Tombuctoo. The former gentleman is appointed Vice-Consul at Mourzouk, in the interior, the capital of Fezzan, a dependency of Tripoli, whose Governor is son of the Bey of that kingdom. These Gentlemen are also sanguine of success, as the protection of his Highness the Bey is guaranteed to them, and the journey not so perilous from that cause as by other routes, although they have the great Zaharrah to pass, and must be eight days without meeting with water.

ROBERT BRUCE, THE HERO OF BANNOCKBURN.

At a meeting of the Gentlemen of Stirlingshire on the 30th of April last, it was resolved to erect a national monument to the vanquisher of King Ed-

ward: the site chosen is the "Bore Stone," where the Bruce's standard was planted at the memorable battle of Bannockburn. Scotland shews a laudable feeling to honour her bards and heroes in this way at the present era. The beautiful mausoleum to Burns at Dumfries is nearly completed. Another tribute of remembrance and admiration is in progress in Ayrshire, the birth-place of the Bard. The Marquis of Lothian has constructed a Waterloo column, where

an annual commemoration of that glorious victory is observed. The Earl of Buchan long ago projected a monument to Thomson on a charmingly situated Hill at Ednam, or Edenham, the village where he was born; but the design seems to have been dropped. Surely it would be an easy task to revive it, and the author of the Seasons and Castle of Indolence might enjoy the repose of the illustrious.

From the London Time's Telescope, for Sept. 1818.

NATURE'S DIARY FOR SEPTEMBER.

*September wanes—and yet the autumnal blast
O'er nature's scenes no devastations east;
Still clings the foliage to the parent tree;
Still bloom the flowers to feast th' insatiate bee.
The swallow bent his emigrating way,
Found climes that feel the sun's unfading ray;
Yet on his journey, as he looked behind,
Saw still the Summer's fairy charms combined;
Turned on his wing again to that dear home,
And sadd'ning mourn'd that Winter e'er should come
With her chill blast, her cold ungenial air,
To make him seek a land more warmly fair.
September wanes, protracted Summer laughs,
And all around her cup of gladness quaffs.**

EACH season of the revolving year produces a variety of picturesque appearances peculiar to itself. The emotions which affect the mind, while it contemplates scenes which every month contributes to diversify, must, consequently, be of various kinds, all suitable to the season. The vivid beauties of spring, the glowing skies of summer, the fading scenes of autumn, and the dreary aspect of winter, excite, respectively, vivacity, languor, solemnity, or dejection. Summer, refulgent 'child of the Sun,' has retired with 'his ardent look' from our northern regions, and each gaudy flower is disappearing. Rural scenery, however, is much enlivened by the variety of colours, some lively and beautiful, which are assumed in Autumn by the fading leaves.

How sweetly pleasing to behold
Forests of vegetable gold!
How mixed the many chequered shades between
The tawny mellowing hue, and the gay vivid green!

The autumnal equinox happens on the 22d of September, and, at this time, the days and nights are equal all over the

earth. About this period, heavy storms of wind and rain are experienced, as well as at the vernal equinox.

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, oh, modest Moon!
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
Ripened by the summer's heat;
Picturing all the rustie's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon
Oh, modest Moon!
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home.
Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the seasons flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity;
May no winds careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky;
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, oh Harvest Moon!

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound;
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy:
God of the winds! oh hear his humble prayer,
And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy blust'ring
whirlwind spare.

The chimney or common swallow
(*hirundo rustica*) disappears about the

* These lines are by the author of the 'Cossack,' a poem.

end of September. The congregated flocks of swallows and martins on house tops, but principally upon the towers of churches on our coast, are very beautiful and amusing in this and the succeeding month. 'I was at Dunwich,' says the author of a Tour through Great Britain, 'about the beginning of October, and, lodging in a house that looked into the churchyard, I observed in the evening an unusual multitude of swallows, sitting on the leads of the church, and covering the tops of several houses round about. This led me to inquire what was the meaning of such a prodigious number of swallows sitting there. I was answered that this was the season when the swallows, their food failing here, begin to leave us, and return to the country, wherever it be, from whence they came; and that this being the nearest land to the opposite coast, and the wind contrary, they were waiting for a gale, and might be said to be wind-bound. This was more evident to me when I found, that, in the morning, the wind had come about to the north-west in the night, and there was not one swallow to be seen.'

TO THE SWALLOW.

Twittering tenant of the sky,
Whither, whither wilt thou fly?
Summer blithely frolics round;
Florid beauties grace the ground:
Rosy odours, youthful gales,
Still breathe from bowers and verdant vales.
Whither, fluttering, wilt thou fly,
Swiftest courser of the sky?
Still in brook, or fountain spring,
Dip thy never-weary wing;
Sweep along the level mead,
Where peaceful herds securely feed.
Happy wanderer, ever free,
All my fancies follow thee;
Mount with thee the blue serene,
Visit every foreign scene:
And, while seasons vary here,
With thee, share summer all the year.
Whither, whither wilt thou fly,
Swiftest courser of the sky?
Stay, oh stay, till autumn's hand
Purple o'er my native land;
Mildness, beauty, joy, and love,
And fellow-warblers charm the grove.

Herrings (clupea) pay their annual visit to England in this month, and afford a rich harvest to the inhabitants of its eastern and western coasts.

'The great winter rendezvous of the herring is within the arctic circle; there

they continue many months in order to recruit themselves after the fatigue of spawning, the seas within that space swarming with insect food in a far greater degree than in our warmer latitudes.

'This mighty army begins to put itself in motion in the spring: we distinguish this vast body by that name, for the word herring is derived from the German *Heer*, an army, to express their numbers. They begin to appear off the Shetland Isles in April and May: these are only forerunners of the grand shoal which comes in June, and their appearance is marked by certain signs, by the numbers of birds, such as gannets and others, which follow to prey on them: but when the main body approaches, its breadth and depth is such as to alter the very appearance of the ocean. It is divided into distinct columns of five or six miles in length, and three or four in breadth, and they drive the water before them with a kind of rippling: sometimes they sink for the space of ten or fifteen minutes; then rise again to the surface, and, in bright weather, reflect a variety of splendid colours, like a field of the most precious gems.

The first check this army meets in its march southward, is from the Shetland Isles, which divide it into two parts; one wing takes to the east, the other to the western shores of Great Britain, and fill every bay and creek with their numbers: others pass on towards Yarmouth, the great and ancient mart of herrings: they then pass through the British Channel, and, after that, in a manner disappear: those which take to the west, after offering themselves to the Hebrides, where the great stationary fishery is, proceed toward the north of Ireland, where they meet with a second interruption, and are obliged to make a second division: the one takes to the western side, and is scarce perceived, being soon lost in the immensity of the Atlantic; but the other, which passes into the Irish sea, rejoices and feeds the inhabitants of the coasts that border on it.*

Among the principal enemies of this

* The reality of this migration, however, is doubted by Dr. Bloch and Dr. Shaw; these eminent naturalists concurring in opinion, that herrings, like mackerel, inhabit, during winter, the deep recesses of the ocean, or plunge beneath the soft mud at the bottom.

fish may be numbered various species of whales, some of which are observed to pursue large shoals, and to swallow them in such quantities, that, in the stomach of a single whale, no less than six hundred herrings are said to have been found.†

There is not a phenomenon of nature more common, or more beautiful, than that of dew; those drops which,

With the earliest morn, the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.

The great benefit of dews in the refreshment of the earth and the nourishment of plants, is too well known to be dilated upon in this place: we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a notice of the most recent and plausible theory of this useful phenomenon, as stated by Dr. Wells, in his 'Essay on Dew,' published in 1814. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Six thought the formation of dew was accompanied by the evolution of cold; and this opinion was once held by Dr. Wells. But subsequent observations led him to question its accuracy; and he was not long after enabled to ascertain, by direct experiment, that the temperature of bodies *sinks* before any dew is deposited on them; and that the subsequent deposition of dew is the consequence of this coldness. This philosopher infers, therefore, that the deposition of dew has precisely the same cause as the appearance of moisture on the outside of a glass, or metallic vessel, when a liquor considerably colder than the air has been shortly before poured into it.

All bodies have the property of radiating heat. During the day, the heat lost by radiation is more than supplied by the solar heat; so that the temperature of bodies is increased during the day, instead of being diminished. But, during the night, the heat radiated by the bodies on the surface of the earth

† A large herring-fishery is carried on at Douglas, in the Isle of Man. Herrings are so abundant in the neighbourhood of Gottenburgh, that 20,000 barrels, on an average, are salted there every year, and about 400,000 are employed for making train oil. Besides these, 50,000 barrels are consumed fresh in the country, or sent to Denmark. Allowing 1200 fish to each barrel, in this district alone, about 720,000,000 of herrings are caught in a season. In the year 1776, 56,000 barrels were sent to Ireland, and thence exported to the West Indies.

penetrates into the sky, and does not again return to them. Hence their temperature must be constantly diminishing from radiation, and they will become and continue colder than the air during the whole night; thus being in the state for the deposition of dew upon their surfaces. This, however, will only happen when the sky is clear, and the atmosphere calm. If the sky be covered with clouds, they will radiate back nearly as much heat as they receive; and thus prevent the terrestrial bodies from cooling considerably. And, in windy nights, the agitation of the atmosphere compensates for its bad conducting power, and thus prevents that rapid lowering of temperature requisite to the production of dew.

As the various tribes of flowers decay, our attention is taken off from these elegant ornaments of nature, and transferred to those more humble, but not less interesting productions, herbs and plants.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sipped the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted *basil*, pun-provoking *thyme*,
Fresh *baum*, and *marigold* of cheerful hue:
And lowly *gill*, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet *euphrasy* may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent *radish*, biting infant's tongue;
And *plantain* ribbed, that heals the reaper's wound;
And *marjoram* sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And *lavender*, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim *rosemarine*, that whilom crowned
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear.
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banished from its lofty sphere:
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.
The Schoolmistress, by Shenstone.

There are in blow, in this month,
nasturtia, globe amaranthus, china aster,
marigold, sweet peas, mignonette, golden rod, stocks, tangier pea, holy-oak, Michaelmas-daisy, saffron (*crocus sativus*), ivy, &c. &c.

POETRY.

From the European Magazine.

A HIGHLAND HUSBAND'S GIFT.*

From a MS. in the M'Gregor family.

[By the Author of *Legends of Lampedosa*, &c.]

WEAR thy Mountain's diamond, fairest !
 In thy waving hair ;
 It will noblest seem, and rarest
 If it sparkles there ;
 For only this dark gem can vie
 With those brown tresses' burnish'd dye,
 And well the elves that guard it know,
 If it might touch the spotless brow,
 Forever in thy memory
 Thy wedded love would living be.
 Or hanging on thy ear, dearest,
 A moment let it shine ;
 Then in every voice thou hearest
 Shall seem a sound of mine---
 Yet no ;---for never by the tone
 Of silver words was true love known ;
 I would not tax thy soul to give
 The fondness that on words can live.

But place it on thy hand, sweetest,
 Clasp'd with the holy gold,
 And when a stranger's hand thou meetest,
 Thine shall be winter-cold ;
 And thou shalt lute and tablet take
 In bower or chamber for my sake ;
 And it shall teach thy pen to shew
 How thought should speak when speech is true.
 Then hide it in thy breast, dearest !
 If it be pure as fair,
 When to thy heart this gem is neurest,
 My image shall be there ;
 For it has spells more deep and strong
 When hid its native snows among ;
 And it shall have most pow'r to bless
 Where all is peace and holiness.

*The Cairngorm diamond.

From the New Monthly Magazine, July 1818.

MY FANCY.

I LOVE to see at close of day,
 Spread o'er the hills the Sun's broad ray,
 While rolling down the west ;
 When every cloud in rich attire,
 And half the sky (that seems on fire)
 In purple robes is drest.
 I love when evening veils the day,
 And Luna shines with silver ray,
 To cast a glance around ;
 And see unnumbered worlds of light,
 Glowing with splendor ever bright,
 O'er the vast vault profound.
 I love to let wild fancy stray,
 And walk the spangled "milky way,"
 Up to yon sparkling height ;
 Where thousand thousand burning rays,
 Mingle in one eternal blaze,
 And charm the ravish'd sight.
 I love from thence to take my flight,
 Far downward on the beams of light,
 And reach my native plain ;
 Just as the flaming orb of day,
 Drives night, and mists, and dews away,
 And cheers the world again.

From the Literary Gazette.

SONNET BY KORNER.

Composed as he lay dangerously wounded in a wood, on the night of the 17th of June, 1813.

WOUNDED, I groan---my quivering lip
 is pale---
 The feeble pulses of my sinking heart
 Tell me I enter on Death's gloomy vale.
 God, I submit---all merciful thou art !---
 What golden visions danc'd before my view,
 The lovely dream-songs of life's opening day,
 That now must end in the funeral lay !---
 Yet what my soul desir'd, to glory true,
 That holy thing shall with me still unite,
 Whether I call it Love or Liberty :---
 Pursued with youth's full tide of fervency,
 A light-winged angel now it greets my sight ;
 While as my lingering senses hovering fly,
 I see the opening dawn of dim eternity !
 C. R.-----g.

From the London Literary Gazette, July 1818.

THE SUICIDE.*

By ARTHUR BROOKE.

HE sleeps in peace at last,
 The storm of being o'er ;
 Life's hateful struggle past,
 He rests to rise no more ;
 And could the ceaseless round of fate,
 Reviving things inanimate,
 The breath he scorn'd restore,
 He'd curse the wayward chance that hurl'd
 Him back upon the worthless world !

II.

Affliction's early chill
 His best emotions froze,
 She in the grave was still,
 Who lighten'd half his woes ;
 In friends to whom his heart was bared
 And every inmost feeling shar'd,
 He met his deadliest foes.---
 What ! though he join'd the ways of men---
 Those wounds could never close again.

III.

With fever'd hand he caught
 At Joy's bewildering bowl,
 As if the demon thought,
 That prey'd within his soul,
 Steep'd in the rich Lethean draught,
 Through midnight hours of riot quaff'd,
 Its scorpions would control.
 Still, still the fruitless cup was drain'd---
 While life was there, that pang remain'd.

IV.

The brightest shapes of love
 Reclin'd upon his breast ;
 To banish *One* he strove,
 In dalliance with the rest.
 But 'twas in vain---with heart unmov'd,
 Through all the paths of bliss he rov'd ;---
 A melancholy jest !
 Where Pleasure smil'd and Beauty shone,
 A ghastly gazing man of stone.

* From "Poems by Arthur Brooke," just published. This volume is produced under the auspices of a friendly editor, signing himself "J. C. C., Canterbury," and it is held forth as the production of early years, shewing the genuine impulses of a mind gradually darkening, in its views of men and things.

v.

His spirit darker grew ;
 He loath'd the light of heaven :
 The impious blade he drew---
 That stroke---his heart is riven !
 In sooth it was a deed of fear ;
 Yet think on what he suffer'd here :
 And hope his faults forgiven.
 Though o'er his cold and lonely bed
 No priest the holy office read,
 No sigh was breath'd, no tear was shed.

From the Literary Gazette.

EPILOGUE,

*Spoken by Mr. Liston (on his benefit night) in
 the Character of Lord Grizzle, sitting on
 an Ass.*

WRITTEN BY GEO. COLMAN, ESQ.

[Not before published.]

BEHOLD a pair of us!--before the curtain
 A prettier couple can't be found, that's
 certain---

Sweet Billy Shakspeare, lord of Nature's glass,
 Has said,---"Then came each actor on his ass;"
 And, since great Billy sanctions little Neddy,
 I enter on my Donkey, squat and steady.
 But softly; on these Boards I'm nothing new:
 Here's a raw actor, making his *Debut*;
 So let me introduce him, pray, to You.

Ladies and Gentlemen! your kindness show
 me,

By patronizing the poor Thing below me.
 He's a Young Roscius,---rising Four,---his line
 (Though I'm not jealous) much the same as
 mine.

He'll top me in *one* character I play,---
 The part in XYZ, called Neddy Bray.
 He has refused a Scotch engagement proffered,
 No less than Twenty Thistles, weekly, offered,
 I throw him on your candour:---all his Brothers,
 Aunts, Uncles, with their Fathers and their
 Mothers,

Are quite the rage;---the Ladies (bless their
 faces!)
 Bump themselves on them at the Watering-
 places.

In short, without more ha'ing and more hum-
 ming
 (Since there's a General Election coming)
 If for this Candidate your voice you give,
 He'll be your faithful Representative;
 And prove as useful, in this best of nations,
 As many of his dear and best relations.

As for myself,---I've not a word to say:---
 I come, Lord Grizzle, on my grizzly Grey,
 To bring this acquisition to our corps,
 Then, like a ghost, glide off, and speak no
 more.

"I snuff the morning air;"---"Farewell!"---
 I flee;---

Cherish my Neddy,---and "Remember me!"
 G. C-----.

From the New Monthly Magazine, June 1818.

THE ROSE.

BEHOLD the Rose, the garden's pride,
 The queen of flowers confest,
 In Nature's partial colours dy'd
 Superior to the rest.

Ye rude to pluck the lovely flower,
 Your rash attempts forbear;
 See how it decks the mantling bower,
 And sweetly blossoms there.

Thus lives the virgin far retir'd
 From haunts of splendid vice,
 Secure and happy, unadmir'd,
 And hurt by no device.

But if she loves the town to rove,
 Where Fraud hath laid her snare,
 (Too oft, alas! we find it prove
 Most fatal to the fair.)

She, like the Rose that's rudely torn,
 When once her heart's betray'd,
 May droop, neglected and forlorn,
 And die in Sorrow's shade.

G:

From the Literary Panorama, July, 1818.

A THOUGHT.

O COULD we step into the Grave,
 And lift the coffin lid,
 And look upon the greedy worms
 That eat away the dead!

It well might change the reddest cheek
 Into a lily-white;
 And freeze the warmest blood to look
 Upon so sad a sight!

Yet still it were a sadder sight,
 If in that lump of clay
 There were a sense to feel the worms
 So busy with their prey.

O pity then the living heart;---
 The lump of living clay,
 On whom the canker worms of care
 For ever, ever, prey!

From the Gentleman's Magazine, June, 1818.

SONG

*On the Expedition, lately gone out of the Shores
 of England to endeavour to make the passage
 of the North Pole:*

By EDWARD LORD THURLOW.

YE brave and hardy Mariners,
 That to the Pole are gone,
 Where never man adventur'd yet,
 With God to aid alone;
 Who bid adieu to human life,
 By hearts intrepid led;
 May God protect you, Mariners,
 And guard each noble head,
 When the winds do blow.

God save you from the billows,
 That into mountains swell,
 And now do rage at Heaven's gates,
 And now do yawn to Hell;
 And from the dreadful thunder,
 That billows through the deep,
 And from the forked lightnings,
 Ye Mariners, you keep:
 When the winds do blow.

God keep you from the ice-bergs,
 And from the frozen air,
 That ever blows around them;
 And take ye special care,
 Ye be not locked up in the ice,
 Until the judgment-day!
 God keep you clear, ye Mariners,
 Upon your trackless way,
 When the winds do blow.

Ye cannot call too often
 Upon that Holy Name;
 And praise his tender mercies,
 With just and loud acclaim;
 For ye shall find no fathom

I' th' seas, that ye shall plough ;
Nor any thing to friend you,
Or stars to guide you now ;
When the winds do blow.

Ye shall see mighty wonders,
And fearful sights behold ;
But they shall nothing daunt you ;
Your hearts, we know are bold :
And well ye know, the living God,
Doth walk the watery deep ;
And as your certain trust and guard,
Both when ye wake and sleep ;
When the winds do blow.

We often think upon you,
Ye brave and noble men ;
And lay our charts before us ;
And ponder where, and when,
Ye affront the floating ice ;
And where in open sea,
Pursue ye shall the Northern star,
And through the waters flee,
When the winds do blow.

We trust ye well shall prosper ;
And find the Northern shore,
Unknown to old Columbus,
And all, who sail'd before ;
And, passing well the Northern Pole,
Shall through all dangers run,
And safely steer through Behring's Strait ;
And then your task is done ;
When the winds do blow.

Then anchor'd safe at Greenwich,
Let the mighty cannon roar ;
And flowing cups go swiftly round ;
Since you are come to shore :
Ye brave and noble Mariners,
Ye shall have done a feat,
That never yet shall equal'd be
By any earthly fleet ;
While the winds do blow.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LINES

Written after reading the Poems of the
Ettrick Shepherd.

WITH harp of Celt, and eye of fire,
The Swain of Ettrick strikes the lyre ;
A simple Mountain Shepherd, *he*
Grac'd with rare power of Minstrelsy :
Illustrating what Horace writ---
" *Poeta nascitur non fit.*"
Rude Son of song---thy Runic rhyme
Shall brave, unburt, the touch of Time !
Thy name, in after-ages, be
The boast of Bibliography !
When Rizzio breathes the melting story
Of hapless Lorn, and fair Glen-Ora ;
When Farquhar---in terrific form---
Pourtrays the spirit of the storm ;
Or Ilia's virgin charms allure
The royal "Mador of the Moor ;"
The passions, rous'd at thy command,
Confess the powerful Master-hand.
Oft, o'er thy page, with rapt regard,
Shall hang entranc'd the embryo Bard ;
Pronounce thee Nature's genuine child---
The gifted "Nurseling of the Wild."---

D. CABANEL.

June, 1818.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

LINES,

By the Rev. William Lisle Bowles.

Amongst the flints (says Sir R. Hoare, in his late account of tumuli in Dorsetshire) we perceived large pieces of stags' horns, and half a stone celt ; and at the depth of eleven feet, after a very laborious removal of an immense collection of flints, we discovered a skeleton of large proportions lying north-east by south-west, on its left side, with both legs gathered up according to the most ancient and primitive usage. Near its side was deposited a most beautiful brazen dagger, that had been gilt, and protected by a wooden scabbard, some part of which was still adhering to it, also a large and a small ornament of jet perforated with two holes of suspension ; four very perfect arrow-heads of flint, &c. A fine urn, probably a drinking cup, lay broken at the feet of this British hero. The opening of this barrow was attended by so many awful circumstances, and gave birth to so beautiful a poem by my friend the Rev. Wm. Lisle Bowles, who attended our operations, that it will ever be remembered with horror and pleasure by those who were present. During the tremendous storm of thunder and lightning by which we were surprised, our only place of refuge was the *tumulus*, which had been excavated to a considerable depth ; the lightning flashed upon our spades and other iron instruments, and the flints poured down upon us from the summit of the barrow so abundantly and forcibly, that we were obliged to quit our hiding place, and abide the pelting of the pitiless storm upon the bleak and unsheltered down. Mr. Bowles took leave of us the same evening, and on the ensuing morning sent me the following spirited Poem so truly descriptive of the awful scene we had lately witnessed :

LET me, let me sleep again ;
Thus, methought, in feeble strain,
Plain'd from its disturbed bed
The spirit of the mighty dead.
'O'er my moulder'd ashes cold
Many a century slow hath roll'd,
Many a race hath disappear'd
Since my giant form I rear'd ;
Since my flinted arrow flew,
Since my battle-horn I blew,
Since my brazen dagger's pride
Glitter'd on my warlike side
Which transported o'er the wave,
Kings of distant ocean gave.
Ne'er hath glar'd the eye of day,
My death-bed secrets to betray,
Since, with mutter'd Celtic rhyme,
The white-hair'd Druid bard sublime,
'Mid the stillness of the night,
Wak'd the sad and solemn rite,
The rite of Death, and o'er my bones
Were pil'd the monumental stones.
Passing near the hallow'd ground,
The Roman gaz'd upon the mound,
And murmur'd with a secret sigh,
'There in the dust the mighty lie,'
Ev'n while his heart with conquest glow'd,
While the high-rais'd flinty road
Echoed to the prancing hoof,
And golden eagles flamed aloof,
And flashing to the orient light
His banner'd legions glitter'd bright ;
The victor of the world confess'd
A dark awe shivering at his breast.
Shall the sons of distant days,
Unpunish'd, on my relics gaze ?
Hark ! He rushes from on high,
Vindictive thunder rocks the sky,
See Taranis descends to save
His hero's violated grave,
And shakes beneath the lightning's glare,
The sulphur from his blazing hair.
Hence ! yet though my grave ye spoil,
Dark oblivion mocks your toil :
Deep the clouds of ages roll,
History drops her mould'ring scroll,
And never shall reveal the name
Of him who scorns her transient fame.'

LONDON PARAGRAPHS.

From the English Monthly Magazines for June and July, 1818.

THE ALISMA-PLANTAGO.

(For the Cure of Hydrophobia.)

THE following article has appeared in the Hamburg Correspondent.

"The plant (*Alisma Plantago*, Linnæus) which is successfully employed as a cure for hydrophobia, grows in water, either in marshes, lakes, or ponds. It has a capillary root resembling that of an onion. The plant continues under water till the month of June, at the commencement of which, or even during the month of May in a warm temperature, from five to seven detached sprouts, of a long convex form, shoot from beneath the water. These sprouts have a reddish bark, and are each provided with a pointed, smooth, and deep colored leaf. In the month of June, a stalk appears, with a round green root resembling that of asparagus. This stalk shoots from beneath the water, sometimes with, and sometimes without leaves. It is divided into several sprigs without leaves, at the extremity of each of which is a small trefoil flower, of a pale red color, which afterwards contains the seed. This plant is in bloom during the whole of the summer season. The latter end of August is the fittest time to gather it. It is made use of in the following manner:—one large root, or two or three small ones, are first well washed and dried in the shade. They are then reduced to powder, and strewed upon bread and butter, and in this way administered to the patient. On the second, or at most the third trial, this remedy will destroy the virus of the madness, however virulent it may be, even when the symptoms of hydrophobia have already appeared. This root operates with equal efficacy on dogs which have been bitten, as well as on mad dogs. During an interval of twenty-five years, this specific has constantly been found an infallible preservative against madness. It has cured individuals, in whom this disease had acquired so decided a character, that they attacked and bit all who came near them; and no symptoms of relapse were ever observable. Numerous cures have been effected, particularly in the government of Tula."

We are indebted for this notice to Mr. F. V. Turgeneff, who has lately sent from Moscow, for gratuitous distribution, 600 copies of an engraving and description of this plant.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Further Account.

EFFECTUAL CURE FOR THE HYDROPHOBIA.

Of the long catalogue of those distempers, with which it has pleased the Supreme Being to chasten or afflict humanity, the most violent, the most awful and deplorable, is hydrophobia. The frightful malady which bereaves of reason, distorts the frame, and humiliates the species, by a change from human to brutal nature, whose paroxysms, increasing with their succession, in their torture, render the miserable sufferer too terrifying for sight—almost too hideous for sympathy; this malady, which hitherto no skill could control, no force restrain, no medicine relieve, at length yields to a simple of the vegetable world—a quick, but effectual antidote, the complete and gen-

3P *ATRENEUM*. Vol. 3.

eral discovery of which, Providence, in its wisdom has reserved for the present time.

The following communication, on this important subject is made by a Paris correspondent:—

A Russian peasant, of Simlursk, on the Volga, possessed a celebrity in the cure of this worst of all human distempers. From the state of Russian society, and the tardiness of communication in that empire, owing to the fewness of the means, the celebrity was for a length of years exclusively confined to the province in which he lived. He was not the discoverer of the root that cured but was the sole depository of the secret. The renown of his extraordinary cures, bursting, at length, beyond the circle of his government, their number increased with his practice, and his celebrity along with them.—Travelling to a distant village on the borders of Saralovsk, he tarried to refresh at an intervening hamlet, where a case of hydrophobia, in its last awful stages, overwhelmed the peasantry in grief. unprepared for the event, shocked at the terrific spectacle before him—the convulsive agonies of the afflicted being—he hesitated; it was only for a moment: the conflict in his breast was between humanity and interest—the feelings of the one, however, soon overpowered all considerations of the other; he directed search to be made for the *Alisma*; he described it; it was known—it was sought for by all the inhabitants, each taking a different direction, and was immediately procured. Here the secret was divulged—a preparation was made, and the antidote administered. On being entreated to tarry in the hamlet till morning, the peasant replied, that his presence was no longer necessary—that the man was cured. Satisfied of the efficacy of the remedy, he resumed his habit, and taking his leave, pursued his journey.

And the distempered man was cured. He subsequently felt a temporary exhaustion, but was at once freed from the torture of the malady. The circumstance thus related, quickly transpired. Communications on the subject reached to Moscow. The physical world made enquiry and research. Throughout Russia, all Germany, the reputed wonderful properties of the *Alisma Plantago*, in the cure of hydrophobia, induced experiments—successful experiments; they increased its fame: and, in those empires, is now established a perfect confidence in its unfailing efficacy.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

At entering a large town in Spain, it was not unusual for the Duke of Wellington to inquire particularly about the height of the cathedral or finest church of the place. These questions, which were of course considered as marks of interest taken by *El Lord* in their splendid ecclesiastical structures, were answered with great complacency by the authorities civil and religious. "Then if it is so high you must have long ladders for cleaning it occasionally?" This question, though its scope could not be so easily comprehended, was also answered usually in the affirmative. In which case the ladders marched on with the English waggons to assist at the next storm.

QUARRELTON COAL-PIT.

The following are some interesting particulars of the fate of persons inclosed in the *Quarrelton* coal pit, near Glasgow. Two, by a remarkable Providence, have been got out alive; but with regard to five others there is no hope. The water from an adjoining waste broke into the pit on the morning of May 2, 1818, and tho' a powerful steam-engine was instantly set to work to pump it out, and continued to do so night and day, it was observed by the following Monday that little progress had been made, and it was therefore resolved to drive a mine from the pit to the place where it was probable the men might be. Accordingly, on Tuesday morning, the 5th instant, the mine was begun, and completed on the morning of the 12th instant. The opening of the mine into the work was considered to be attended with danger from the foul air; and it was arranged that Robert Hodgert, and his brother William, should encounter this danger. When they broke through, the foul air instantly extinguished their lights, and the feelings of the parties may be more easily conceived than described, when the words "Is that you, uncle?" saluted the ears of Robert Hodgert. These words were uttered by his nephew, Wm. Hodgert, who along with his brother James, had heard the sound of the mining for, as they conjecture, two days, and were waiting for deliverance from one of the most awful possible situations. They immediately entered the mine, and got out. Their only sustenance for ten days and ten nights, in total darkness, amidst bad air, was the impure water of the pit and three pieces of oat cake, which, by grouping round the work, they found in the pockets of the clothes left by some of the men who escaped. The only person in the same awful situation with themselves that the Hodgerts had any communication with, was Alexander Barr, but whose voice they had ceased to hear, as they suppose, for at least two days before their deliverance. To enter the mine is now impracticable, owing to the bad air, and it will be a number of weeks before the water is drawn from the pit; consequently the fate of the remaining five men is certain.

GENERAL COUNT PLATOFF.

Died, lately, at Novotscherkask, at a very advanced age, the gallant Hetman of the Cossacks, and General of cavalry, Count Platoff; one of the veteran warriors, whose exploits against the common enemy engrossed a few years since the attention of Europe, and a view of whose person was sought after with the greatest earnestness by persons of all descriptions in this country. The honest ardour with which this brave and loyal chief led on his irregular bands to the defeat and discomfiture of the unprincipled Tyrant of Europe reflects immortal honor upon his memory, and will hand his name down to posterity as one of high rank among the illustrious heroes of his day. Nothing could more strongly prove his honest detestation of the ferocious enemy and unrelenting ravager of his country, than his promising his daughter in marriage to any man who would bring the unprincipled Napoleon a prisoner to his camp.

He was in a declining state so early in the last year as September. About that time we were informed from Tcherkash, that his Excellency was far from well. The fatigues of the campaign of the year 1812 began to manifest their effects after the stimulus of martial

ardour, and that of travelling, had subsided; the state of exhaustion was, in proportion, extreme; and he laid himself upon his bed of thickly gathered laurels, to rest, and to find refreshment; but the attempt was in vain. Nature had been over-tasked,---and he sleeps in death. We must all remember this hero of the Don, pursuing the enemies of his country like 'the blast of the desert.' We must all remember him in his visit to England, mild of aspect, and gentle in manners---more like a Patriarch of his people than the Champion of Nations, winged with the energy of youth in its primest vigour. Only a few months have intervened between the death of this venerable Chief of the Cossacks, venerable in years and in honors, and the death of Alexander Prince Scherbatoff, his second in command, a man in the meridian of his days, and of his comprehensive services to Russia, who had also to date the germs of his fatal illness from the victorious fields of 1812. These two illustrious warriors had the satisfaction of sharing, side by side, the dangers and the glories of that campaign. They have both died victims to its severity; and both will have a tomb in every brave heart, a memorial that must exist when marble monuments are no more. But the reputation of a consummate General was not the only excellence in the character of the Hetman of the Cossacks. During the investment of the Invader's territory by the allied troops, and their consequent inroads upon the French country, he heard that, near one of the spots destined for pillage, might be found the residence of Thaddeus Koskiusko, late General of the Poles, who lived there in the occupation and seclusion of a peasant. Platoff despatched a party of his Cossacks to protect the person and property of that great man; once the adversary of three invading Sovereigns; but now even more illustrious in his obscurity and helplessness than when at the head of his Sarmatian troops. Koskiusko and Platoff met;---it was the embrace of two brave hearts, as honest as brave. Such hearts are well understood in England. When Platoff related the incident to the narrator of this paragraph, it was with more than one tear in his eye; and precious are the tears which are drawn by the admiration of virtue. He knew how to value Koskiusko; for he knew that he had not only defended his country against a press of foreign usurpation, but had refused wealth from the late Emperor Paul, and twice rejected the throne of Poland from Napoleon Buonaparte. Rather than receive a pension from the enemy of his country, or be the crowned satellite of any Emperor upon earth, he retired to a miserable village in France, and fed himself on bread and water by the labor of his hands. If this be not honest patriotism, where is it to be found? He, too, is in his grave. Nay, let us, as Christians, hope that he has rejoined the heroes who were his personal friends, if his political enemies, in another and a better world.

PARISIAN ANECDOTES.

The theatres of Paris in their indefatigable search after varieties, could not avoid discovering the dramatic effect which the murder of M. Fualdes, at Rhodéz, was calculated to produce on the stage; and the people of that gay metropolis flocked, in crowds, for two nights, to the *Variétés* to witness the representation of this shocking spectacle. The Journals declare, that it was received with a disgraceful

eagerness; but they hasten to throw a veil over the revolting picture, and add, that, it was, after a second exhibition, suppressed by authority.

A Paris publication called the *Ephemerides Militaires*, a fortnight ago detailed the battle of Toulouse among the glorious victories achieved by the French arms: 20,000 French beat 100,000 English, Spanish, and Portuguese, and killed almost as many men as their own number amounted to!!!

CRYSTALLIZATION OF TIN.

Many of our readers are doubtless aware of the novel application of this beautiful process to articles of ornament and furniture, but it is not so generally known as to prevent the account of it from possessing considerable interest and curiosity. Through the politeness of Mr. Brunel, of Battersea, the ingenious inventor of many mechanical improvements of the most important class, we have been allowed the very gratifying inspection of the Tin Plate Manufactory, now carrying on under his direction and the patent of Mr. Shaw, of London. Those who have not seen this manufactory can form no conception of the extraordinary splendour and magnificence of its products. The raw material is so little allied to what mankind call rich or graceful, or superb, that it seems a more than common magic, which converts the paltry plate of white Tin into all the gorgeous colours of the most brilliant metals, of silver, and gold, and pearl, and opal, and emerald, and sapphire. Such, however, without exaggeration, is the effect of this fortunately discovered art. And not only is it susceptible of taking all tints and colours in the highest polish, but of assuming all the forms of beauty, radiations, stars, columns, angles, the semblance of every species of vegetation; in short, when we say that it exhibits all those shapes which crystals have in any state, and in general resembles such appearances as frost causes on panes of glass, our readers will conceive that there is an endless and fanciful variety of charming combinations.

The new art was, we are informed, discovered accidentally about three years ago, in France, by a Monsieur Baget, who gave it the name of *Moiré Metallique* or Metallic Watering. Another Frenchman, near Brussels, however, contests the palm of originality; and, in truth, the principle has long been one of the least secrets either in chemistry or metallurgy, though we believe its useful application is entirely new. It depends simply upon the action of acids, whether pure or mixed, and in different degrees of solution, on alloys of Tin. The common Vitriolic Acid, we believe, answers the purpose as fully as any other more expensive acid agent. The process we find described in the public prints is as follows: "Dissolve four ounces of Muriate of Soda in eight ounces of water, and add two ounces of Nitric Acid:—or 8 oz. Water, 2 oz. Nitric Acid, and 3 oz. Muriatic Acid:—or 8 oz. Water, 2 oz. Muriatic Acid, and 1 oz. Sulphuric Acid. Either of these mixtures is to be poured warm upon a sheet of tinned iron, placed upon a vessel of stoneware; it is to be poured on in separate portions, till the sheet is completely watered; it is then to be plunged into water, slightly acidulated and washed." The operation is completed by drying.

The meanest tin pan in our kitchens, sub-

mitted to this easy process, instead of its pallid metallic surface, imitates mother of pearl in its tone of colour, and shoots forth into an infinitude of figures and reflections, equal to enamel, and full of rich variety in design. By subjecting the iron to different degrees of heat, the variety of the forms is increased; some parts are granular; others are like architectural ruins; others grand natural phenomena of wood, and mountain, and cataract; others a silvery sunset darting rays along the expanse; others simple leaves and flowers; others cubes, cones, and all that geometry embraces; in fine, there is no shape which the imagination can conceive that accident may not produce in these exquisite sports of chemical power.

The granular appearance is obtained to the greatest perfection, by pouring one of the above mixtures, cold, upon the tinned iron plates heated to a red heat: the radiated and star-like resemblances are best procured from copper tinned.

The natural result of the crystallization is, as we have stated, to produce a surface of the shade of Mother of Pearl. The hues of gold, of blue, green, &c. are effected by varnishes, laid on in a peculiar manner, and rubbed to the utmost degree of polish by the soft part of the human hand. This affords an excellent occupation for females, and we saw with pleasure several women pursuing the easy labour at Mr. Brunel's Factory. In other apartments we were permitted to visit the workmen employed in manufacturing the plates into various articles of furniture, such as ladies' worktables, cabinets, inkstands, caddies, &c. &c. and unless our readers can fancy such things in the palaces of fairy tales, glittering with gold and precious stones, they can have no idea of the magnificence of these articles. By a skilful contrast of colours, one table seemed ore inlaid with pearl—another verd antique bedded in silver—a third malachite studded with gems.

We cannot presume to say whether these productions will endure the wear and tear of use, better or worse than the materials which their superior beauty recommends them to supersede. It is probable that they will turn out to be at least as lasting as the finer kinds of cabinet-work, for they may be hammered without injury. At any rate the substitution of a new plate, for one spoilt by carelessness or bad treatment in any piece of furniture, must be much more cheap and convenient, than the renewal of the whole, if made of elegant and costly woods. With these advantages we expect soon to find that crystallized tin will cut a conspicuous figure in our most superbly furnished rooms, as well as be introduced into general use in well furnished houses. There can be no objection to the original poverty of the Material,—in its new guise it would never be suspected for poor tin; and we were informed, that the price of a sheet, about the size of a sheet of letter-paper, was half a crown, so that though not a very expensive article, it will yet be sufficiently costly to merit the attention of those who think nothing valuable or beautiful, but what cannot be purchased except at a considerable price.

Of course great improvements will hereafter be made on an art as yet in its infancy, and

* This is stated, but we have not ascertained how the tinning is maintained on red-hot iron, so as to be subject to the process.—Ed.

there is no predicting to what perfection this already admirable discovery may be carried. The acid has in one instance been applied to an Urn; and notwithstanding the difficulty of laying it on a surface, not only not flat, but comprising every variety of curve, the unattractive vessel became an unique and splendid ornament to the tea table. It is hence evident, that mouldings, cornices, &c. may be composed of these diversified specimens; the effect of which in grand or tasteful apartments would be unparalleled.

[A correspondent, referring to the above account of the crystallization of tin, &c. writes, "I must inform you that the shops in Hamburg were full some months ago, with articles of every description of *Crystallized Tin*, such as candlesticks, tea-boards, tea urns, &c. My friend, from whom I have this information, says, that these things have become so common that, notwithstanding their beauty the fashionable people begin to despise them."]

MODERN HERMIT.

Some years ago, Mr. Powys, of Morcham, near Preston, in Lancashire, advertised a reward of an annuity of 50*l.* for life to any man, who would undertake to live seven years under ground, without seeing any thing human, and to let his toe and finger nails grow, with his hair and beard, during the whole time. Apartments were prepared, under ground, very commodious, with a cold bath, a chamber organ, as many books as the occupier pleased, and provisions from Mr. Powys's own table. Whenever the recluse wanted any refreshment he was to ring a bell, and it was provided for him. Singular as this residence may appear, an occupier offered himself, and actually staid in it, observing the required conditions, for four years.

ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCE REGENT.

The visits of the Prince Regent to Brighton are almost invariably distinguished by acts of charitable munificence. Phoebe Hassel, a poor woman, born in 1715, and consequently almost 103 years old, has lately had the good fortune to attract his notice, while following her usual occupation of retailing fruit and gingerbread on the steps of a lodging house near the south end of the Steyne. Her venerable figure led to some inquiries on the part of his Royal Highness, who in consequence became acquainted with some curious particulars of her history. She was at Bunker's Hill in America, served under Lord Heithfield at the siege of Gibraltar, received several wounds, and concealed her sex till she was stripped so be punished for some misdemeanor. His Royal Highness commanded that half a guinea weekly shall be regularly paid to her from the royal purse as long as she lives, with instructions for more should her condition require it.

STATUE OF MEMNON, &c.

MR. BELZONI, a learned Italian, is at this time engaged for the British government in collecting antiquities for the British Museum. He lately addressed the following interesting account of his labours to M. Visconti, at Paris:

Cairo, Jan. 9, 1818.

I have just arrived from Upper Egypt, and am preparing to return to Nubia for the third time.

In my first journey to Thebes in 1816, I had succeeded in embarking on the Nile the upper part of the famous statue of Memnon. This grand wreck, which has lain for so many cen-

turies amidst the ruins of the palace destroyed by Cambyzes, is now on its way to the British Museum.* It is a colossal bust, of a single block of granite, ten feet in height from the breast to the top of the head, and twelve tons in weight. Other travellers before me had conceived the design of transporting it to Europe, and renounced it only from not conceiving the means of effecting it. The great difficulty was in moving such a mass for the space of two miles, until its arrival at the Nile, whereby alone it could be conveyed to Alexandria. I succeeded in effecting it, without the aid of any machine, by the sole power of the arms of some Arabs; however ill qualified this people, now sunk into the indolence of savage life, may be for such rude labours. As such, it has been the work of six months.

From Thebes I went up towards Nubia, to examine the great Temple of Ybsambul, which is buried more than double its height in the sands, near the second cataract. There I found the inhabitants very ill-disposed towards my projects, and from whom I prepared to encounter some difficulties. However, the season being too advanced, was my sole motive in deferring this enterprise to another time.

In the mean time I returned to Thebes, where I occupied myself in new searches at the Temple of Karnack. There I found, several feet under ground, a range of sphinxes surrounded by a wall. These sphinxes, with heads of lions on the busts of women, are of black granite, of the usual size; and, for the most part, of beautiful execution. There was, in the same place, a statue of Jupiter Ammon, in white marble. It was not until my second journey, in 1817, that I discovered the head of a colossus much greater than that of Memnon. This head of granite, and of a single block, is by itself ten feet from the neck to the top of the mitre, with which it is crowned. Nothing can be in better preservation. The polish is still as beautiful as if it had but just come from the hands of the statuary.

After this I again took the road to Nubia, where some severe trials awaited me. The people of this country are quite savages, without any idea of hospitality. They refused us things the most necessary; entreaties and promises had no effect on them. We were reduced to live upon Turkish corn soaked in water. At length, by dint of patience and courage, after twenty-two days persevering labour, I had the joy of finding myself in the Temple of Ybsambul, where no European has ever before entered, and which presents the greatest excavation in Nubia or in Egypt, if we except the tombs, which I have since discovered at Thebes.

The Temple of Ybsambul is 152 feet long, and contains fourteen apartments, and an immense court, where we discovered eight colossal figures thirty feet high. The columns and the walls are covered with hieroglyphics and figures very well preserved. This temple has then been spared by Cambyzes; and the other ravagers who came after him. I brought some antiquities from thence—two lions with the heads of vultures, and a small statue of Jupiter Ammon.

On returning again to Thebes, I applied myself once more to discover what has been, from time immemorial, the object of discovery for all travellers of every nation—I mean the tombs of the kings of Egypt.

* It has since reached England.

It is known that, independent of those tombs which are open, there existed several under ground, but no person has yet discovered in what place. By means of observations on the situation of Thebes, I at length found the index that should lead me on the way. After various excavations, I succeeded in discovering six of these tombs, one of them is that of Apis, as it seems to be pointed out by the mummy of an ox found there. This mummy is filled with asphalt. For the rest, nothing that I can say would enable you to conceive the grandeur and magnificence of this tomb.

This is undoubtedly the most curious and the most astonishing thing in Egypt, and which gives the highest idea of the labours of its ancient inhabitants. The interior, from one extremity to the other, is 309 feet, and contains a great number of chambers and corridors. The walls are entirely covered with hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs, painted in fresco. The colours are of a brightness to which nothing, within our knowledge, is to be compared; and are so well preserved, that they appear to have been just laid on. But the most beautiful antiquity of this place, in the principal chamber, is a sarcophagus of a single piece of alabaster, nine feet seven inches long, by three feet nine inches wide, within and without equally covered with hieroglyphics and carved figures. This large vessel has the sound of a silver bell, and the transparency of glass. There can be no doubt that, when I shall have transported it to England, as I hope to do, it will be esteemed one of the most precious articles in our European Museums.

ANECDOTE OF SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.

Among the sons of Britain, whom the records of Fame will exhibit to the admiration of future ages, few, if any, will appear in a more advantageous view than the late Gen. Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Early in life devoted to the service of his country as a soldier, he passed through the various gradations of rank, from an Ensign to a General, with increasing respectability. At a very advanced period of life he obeyed the call of his country in conducting an army to a distant part of the world, when he had to undergo the difficulties of a protracted voyage; and in addition to the fatigues of a camp, had to encounter the danger of an unhealthy climate. And at length died, the victim of his unceasing anxiety to promote the interests of his country. The following anecdote, not generally known, reflects the highest honour on his private character. During the residence of Sir Ralph at the ancient seat of his family in Clackmannanshire, his humility and christian deportment pointed him out as a proper person to fill the office of an elder in his parish church. Being ordained according to the rites of the Church of Scotland, when the solemn services were ended, he addressed the Minister to the following purpose:—"Sir, I have often been entrusted by my Sovereign with honourable and important commands in my profession as a soldier, and his Majesty has been pleased to reward my services with distinguished marks of his royal approbation; but to be the humble instrument of putting the tokens of my Saviour's dying love into the hands of one of the meanest of His followers, I conceive to be the highest honour that I can receive on this side of heaven."*

* In Scotland, on sacramental occasions, the bread and wine are carried to the communion table by the Elders.

TIC DOULOUREUX; OR NERVOUS FACE-ACHE.

This is a terrible disease, and has too often resisted every remedy. The nerves of the face have even been divided, and but a temporary mitigation of suffering has ensued. Calomel and opium given till the mouth becomes sore, and kept at that pitch for some time, have occasionally succeeded. Lately, Mr. Bailey, a surgeon, of Ipswich, has drawn the attention of the medical world to the use of *Extract of Belladonna* in this tormenting malady, and relates several cases where it has proved successful.—He gives it in doses of a grain or two twice a day, till some constitutional effect is produced, or till the pain is relieved.

REVOLUTIONARY MONUMENT.

Several families of the Western Departments of France have subscribed to purchase a spot of ground, near Angers, on which to build a monument to the memory of more than 3000 victims; who, in that place alone, were shot by hundreds, and buried in masses, in 1793. These innocent victims of the Revolution were old men, women, mothers of families, entire families, strangers for the most part to public transactions, who were condemned either for their attachment to religion, or their love of the king, or their compassion for some proscribed person. A simple chapel will be erected on the spot.

FOOL-HARDINESS.

A man of the name of Smith lately had the temerity, after drinking about ten pints of ale, to ascend the spire of Louth church, which is nearly 300 feet high, and tie a handkerchief round the iron which supports the weathercock: after he had remained some time upon the top stone, danced a hornpipe, and performed several antics, he descended with all the composure imaginable to the bottom of the spire, and on the point of one of the pinnacles of the tower he stood upon one leg with his arms extended, and made his *congee* to the numerous spectators below, who witnessed this piece of presumption with horror and astonishment.

POISONING BY OPIUM, &c.

Professor Hufeland records a curious and instructive case, in which, owing to the mental condition of the recipient, drastic drugs scarcely operated, and blisters refused even to redden the skin; and the Reporter has recently met with an instance in which, (if there were no deception practised) opium was taken, with a view to self-destruction, in more than sufficiently large quantities to occasion death, under ordinary circumstances,—with scarcely, in this case, any perceptible operation. The individual (a most intelligent and interesting character), whose mind was thus so desperately determined upon suicide, finding the opium of no avail, has subsequently discharged the contents of a loaded pistol into his mouth; and the determined energy with which he pursued his purpose, may be conceived, when the reader is informed, that the ball, having passed and lodged without either penetrating the brain, or wounding any great blood-vessels, he unscrewed the instrument, in order to examine (since the effects he hoped for and expected did not immediately follow) whether there had not been a failure in the discharge. The person is still living, and there is some ground to hope, that he may yet be restored to the enjoyments of life, and the endearments of society.

Opium and arsenic, it is well known, are

the two poisons principally selected for the purpose of suicide, or secret murder; and, as the effects of these, in such cases, are often fatal before medical aid can be procured, it may not be improper to state briefly the principal antidotes to either. When poison of any kind has been swallowed, the immediate object should always be that of endeavouring to excite vomiting; but much time is often lost by waiting the operation of medicinal emetics, when the discharge from the stomach might be much more speedily effected by mechanical means. Let, then, the persons who are about the individual who has taken poison, force a feather, or a piece of stick, or any thing that can be immediately procured, down the throat, and thus continue to irritate the parts till vomiting is induced. Emetics are of course to be administered as soon as they can be procured, when the power of swallowing is not suspended. After the contents of the stomach have thus been discharged, it is of consequence to recollect that acids are the best correctives of opium, and alkalies of arsenic. In the one case, then, let vinegar or lemon juice, diluted with about an equal quantity of water, be freely and copiously administered: in the other, let a solution of soap in water be made as strong, and poured down as quickly as possible. This last answers a double purpose,—the alkali of the soap acting upon the acid of the arsenic, and thus destroying its virulence; and the oily principle of this material, liberated in some measure from its alkali, seems to lubricate the coat of the stomach, and thus at once to abate the inflammation already excited, and to defend the parts from the further influence of the poison. A friend of the writer (Mr. Shipman, surgeon, of Clerkenwell,) has not long since treated a case successfully by castile soap, in which a spoonful of arsenic was swallowed; but for immediate purposes, and in the absence of castile, common soap may be used. Sulphur is another substance which has been proposed and administered, in order to counteract the effects of mineral poisons,—partly upon the same principle with the alkalies; namely, that of reducing the material from its oxidised and active, to its metallic, and then comparatively inert condition. But the great leading principle expedient to recollect is, that acids are the antidotes to opium, and alkalies and oils to arsenic.

COL. ERSKINE.

Died, on his passage to Ceylon, the Hon. Lieut. Col. Erskine, youngest son of Lord Erskine. He served throughout the campaigns in Spain as a Captain of Light Infantry in the 51st regiment, and behaved with great gallantry in the battle of the Pyrenees, where being shot in the thigh, he was sent home by the Medical Board, and on his recovery was placed by the Duke of York on the Staff of the Army in the Adjutant General's Department, when the Duke of Wellington took the command in Flanders. He was in the battle of the 16th of June, and afterwards on the 18th at the battle of Waterloo, where his station placed him in the dangerous position of being attendant on the duke, around whom almost every officer was either killed or wounded. Among the rest this brave young man had his left arm carried off by a cannon ball, which passing along the other, laid bare the whole of it, by which he lost the use of two of his fingers, but that arm was saved. When the cannon-shot had thrown him from his horse, and

as he lay bleeding upon the ground in this mangled condition, the Prussian musketry and trumpets being heard at a distance, he seized his hat with his remaining shattered arm, and waving it around him, cheered his companions in the midst of the dying and the dead. The Duke of Wellington being then close by him, desired he might be carried to his tent. It must be some consolation to his afflicted family, that he must have distinguished himself in the opinion of his great Commander, as he was immediately recommended by him to the rank of Major, though a very young officer, and in a year afterwards to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, with the appointment of Adjutant-General in Ceylon, and if he had then fortunately sailed for India, his life might probably have been saved; but his disposition being as affectionate as it was animated, he could not be persuaded to leave Mrs. Erskine, who was pregnant, and remaining here during the winter, the cough, with the consumptive symptoms, arising from the wound, laid too deep hold on him to derive benefit from the voyage, and he died on his passage to India. Those who were acquainted with him will not easily forget his emphatic remark regarding the battle of Waterloo.—“Nothing,” he said, “but the English officers and soldiers (by which of course he meant those of the United Empire) could possibly have fought it through to triumph as we did; nor could even the consummate skill and experience of the Duke of Wellington have done any thing at all for us, had it not been combined with matchless intrepidity, which enabled him to distinguish and to persevere amidst a scene where the most mortal courage, might have suggested a different course to the most accomplished officer in the world.” Colonel Erskine was only 25 years of age, and has left five children, one of whom is only a few months old.

SPORTING ON WATER.

A considerable party of farmers and others lately went out in two boats upon the river Wyer, to fish; they agreed to sail a race, when unfortunately the men in one of the boats not only crowded too much sail, but also in order to lighten the vessel, threw out a good deal of ballast, when a squall of wind upset her, in a deep place, (the Nott End) with a strong ebbing tide, and she suddenly went down with every one on board. Thus perished, through their own imprudence, six respectable men, several of whom have left large families to deplore their loss.

DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

The *Universal Dispensary* for diseases of children, lately instituted in London, bids fair to be of the greatest service to medical science; Dr. Davis, one of the able physicians of that institution, publishes quarterly reports in the *Medico-Chirurgical Journal* of the diseases; which reports are fraught with the most important information. Throughout these reports we observe one striking phenomenon, the great power which children possess of sustaining evacuations both from the bowels and the circulation, by purging and bleeding. Indeed these two remedies are of all others, the most essential in the treatment of infantile diseases, and did practitioners employ them strenuously and early, many an innocent and interesting victim would be snatched from a premature grave! Parents cannot be too attentive to this important subject.

USEFUL DISCOVERY.

Dr. Branchi has obtained a volatile concrete oil from oak galls by the same means by which volatile oils in general are extracted from aromatic vegetables. It is of the consistence and colour of good old honey, and has evidently the smell and taste of galls. When laid on paper and exposed to the flame of a candle, it instantly melts, and the paper becomes oily and transparent. In this state, when exposed again to the flame, or to the sun for a sufficient length of time, it evaporates, and leaves the paper so clean that it may be written upon with the greatest ease.

AFFLICTIONS OF DEVILS.

Like all other idolatrous nations, the Cingalese believe in the existence of the Devil, and think he has great power over the bodies and circumstances of men. They have temples and priests dedicated to the Devils. The former they call *Duwalays*, and the latter, *Cappoas*. Though this is altogether distinct from Budhism, and though Budhu forbade the worship of Devils, yet the whole of the Cingalese inhabitants are most awfully devoted to it, priests as well as people. In some districts it prevails to a most shocking extent. They dedicate their children, when born, to the Devil, and many of them before their birth. In cases of affliction or distress, they use extraordinary means. They send for the *Cappoa* to the house of the patient. He first endeavours to find out by what Devil the person is afflicted: when the supposed image of that Devil is brought to the house, large presents are set before it, lights are hung all round it, and the patient is brought and placed at the feet of it. Then the *Cappoa* begins his intercessions to that Devil in a very loud tone of voice, accompanied with the most curious gestures and antics, all of which are timed by a tomtom or native drum, and a bell. These ceremonies he will continue for ten or twelve hours. During the whole time he waves a lighted torch in one hand and a bell in the other; and, at intervals, quantities of a compound, something like gunpowder, are discharged over the image of the Devil, either by the patient or an assistant. When a patient is pronounced incurable, or when the *Cappoa* says the Devil will not accept of the offerings and heal the man, then, in order not to have their houses polluted, they carry the poor wretch out into the jungle, dig a hole, and leave him by it until he expire: there they put him, if he is not previously worried and eaten by the jackalls or tigers, which is commonly the case. Many of these miserable creatures are carried out perfectly sensible; and, when they see themselves about to be removed, terrified with the idea of their awful doom, they shriek and pray, and catch hold of every thing that comes in their way, to avoid their fate; and in one district, where I was very lately, I was informed, if a person happen to die in a house, it is either immediately pulled down, or abandoned forever.

MUNIFICENCE.

Mr. Gladstone, of Liverpool has built and endowed, at his sole expense, two churches, St. Andrew's in Renshaw-street, and St. Thomas's, at Litherland, near that town. He has also built, endowed, and will shortly open, a charity school, in Slater-street, where 270 children will be educated. At Litherland, he has moreover built a school and a master's house, which he has also endowed, and in which about 80 children at present receive the benefits of education.

Births. At Angmering, a female pauper, of three boys, who were christened by the names Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. They are, with their mother, likely to do well.

Marriages. At Chiddingly, Mr. John Pocock, widower, aged 73, to Mrs. Hannah Willard 63, who had been previously four times a wife, and as often a widow, by the names of Roberts, Lee, Funnell, and Willard. The ceremony was preceded by merry peals on the church bells, the first of which was rung by six men, whose ages together amounted to 403 years; and the second by another set of six, whose united ages made 440. The happy couple each possess a little property, and can boast a little progeny of nearly a hundred children and grandchildren.

OBITUARY, WITH ANECDOTES OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Capt. N. Dobree, R. N. lately in command of the *Zenobia*, nephew of Sir James Saumarez. This excellent officer and amiable man lost his life (with eight men) in the humane attempt to rescue from a rock, the crew of a vessel, which had been wrecked in the night near Germany, and who were in great danger of perishing from fatigue and hunger. Capt. Dobree approached the rock with difficulty, and let go an anchor, throwing a small grapnel, by which three of the men reached the boat, when a heavy sea nearly filled her, and another soon after took her under the bow, and overset her; two of the boatmen only were saved. Captain Dobree's father beheld the sad catastrophe from the beach.

At Ramsgate, Jude Jackson, in consequence of the evil practice many females are addicted to, that of picking the ear with a needle whilst at work. She suffered excruciating pain, having injured the drum of the ear.

In the Old Assembly Close, Edinburgh, aged 105, Mrs. Isabel Taylor. She was born in the parish of Crief, county of Perth, on the 4th of March, 1713, in the reign of Queen Anne. Her memory remained nearly unimpaired, and she would converse on the events of a hundred years since with surprising correctness. Her hearing and sight were good to the last day of her life, her recollection continued till within an hour of her death.

At Bath, Alexander D'Arblay, Esq. a General in the French service, one of the Legion of Honor to Louis XVIII. &c. He came to this country in the early part of the French revolution, in company with Talleyrand, Narbonne, Lally Tolendahl, and other distinguished emigrants, who, it may be remembered, made Juniper-hall, near Leatherhead, their residence. He afterwards married the authoress of those well known novels, *Evelina*, *Cecilia*, *Camilla*, and the *Wanderer*.

At Little Wonslow, near Monmouth, Mrs. Prosser. Her death was occasioned by the sting of a bee on her arm, which, from inattention, produced a mortification that carried her off in a few days.

At Exeter, Capt. Watson, R. N. He had retired to rest the preceding evening and awoke about two, under an impression of fear that the house was on fire: he arose, and having ascertained that there was no cause for alarm, was returning to his room, when he suddenly dropped down and instantly expired.

Aged 100, Richard Kew, a pauper, in the parish of Wick and Abson. He lived to be grandfather to a grandfather, passing through five generations.

In his apartments in St. James's Place, Mr.

Eldred, in his 100th year. He was page of the Presence to King George II. which office he may be said to have filled during three reigns.

At Delniet, near Nairn, in the 104th year of his age, John Reid, supposed to be the oldest soldier in his Majesty's dominions, having entered the service in the 9d battalion of the Royal Scots, 88 years ago. His first encounter with the enemy was in 1743, at Dettingen, where the British under the command of that gallant and true Scotsman, the Earl of Stair, defeated the French with immense slaughter. In 1745, he fought at Fontenoy. In 1746, he fought with his regiment at Culloden. In 1749, he was one of the storming party at the murderous encounter at Waal, in Holland, where his regiment was nearly annihilated. His last appearance in the field of honor was in 1759, on the heights of Abraham, where the immortal Wolfe breathed his mighty soul in the arms of victory. His strength was such, considering his great age, that he scarcely passed a day without walking three or four miles; and to the day of his death, was able, without the aid of glasses, to read his Bible.

In London, the Hon. Sir George Cranfield Berkeley, G. C. B. Admiral of the White, and Lord High Admiral of Portugal. He was the only brother of the late Earl of Berkeley, born in 1753, educated at Eaton, and entered into the naval service at the early age of 12 years. Soon after his return to England in 1774, he presented himself as a candidate for the representation of the County of Gloucester; the election caused a warm contest, which cost the parties upwards of 100,000*l*. Having been appointed to the Mary sloop of 14 guns, he was sent in 1780 to Newfoundland, where his activity and gallantry in the capture of numerous privateers obtained him the command of the Vestal frigate of 28 guns. In 1781 he particularly distinguished himself in the relief of Gibraltar, and in 1782 he was appointed to the Recovery of 32 guns, one of the squadron under Admiral Barrington, in which he shared in the glory of capturing two French ships, *Le Pegase* of 74, *L'Actionnaire* of 64 guns, and ten or eleven transports and store-ships of their convoy. As a reward for his activity, Capt. Berkeley was promoted. In the memorable naval engagement of the 1st of June 1794, Capt. Berkeley commanded the Marlborough of 74 guns. It was his lot to be opposed to the French ship *L'Impeteux*, which, after having being pretty well handled was relieved by the *Mutius Scævola*: but both were obliged to strike to the Marlborough. Immediately after their surrender a French ship of 120 guns came under the stern of the Marlborough and raked her with a broadside, which did much mischief and wounded among the rest her gallant captain in the head and leg, so that he was obliged to quit the quarter-deck. In this severe action the Marlborough was wholly dismantled, and 29 of her crew were killed and 90 wounded. Some time after the recommencement of hostilities, Admiral Berkeley was sent out as commander in chief on the Halifax station. During his residence there in 1807 his flag-ship was dispatched in pursuit of an American frigate. The captain of the latter having refused to permit a search for deserters, an action ensued, and this event led to discussions which terminated in a rupture with the United States.

J. Phillips, Nelson's boatswain on board the

Victory at the battle of Trafalgar; having proved his close attachment to his brave Admiral by his numerous wounds, viz. four large sabre wounds on the head, many gun shot on his body, and three balls on his right thigh and leg. Thus shattered, he obtained an honorable discharge and a liberal pension.

In Upper Seymour-street, at an advanced age, General Edmund Fanning. He was much distinguished in the American war, and raised a regiment there, by which he lost a very large property. He was afterwards appointed Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, whence he was removed to Prince Edward's Island, of which he was Lieutenant Governor.

At Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Broad, who had been nearly 40 years steward of the Marquis's family. His death was occasioned by a circumstance no less remarkable than melancholy; being out in the park on the day preceding with a party of ladies and gentlemen, he found a dead adder, which he took up in his hand, and opened his mouth to shew where the poison of the creature lay; in doing which, however, the subtle matter communicated to a cut in one of his fingers. Next morning Mr. B. was found dead in his bed, with every indication of his having died from the effects of the poison, the arm being much inflamed.

We noticed in a preceding number the atrocious murders perpetrated at Theddlethorpe on the 7th of October last. A man named John Raithby being apprehended on strong suspicion and committed to Lincoln Castle, confessed the crime with every mark of sincere repentance. Ever since his committal his agony of mind accompanied with visions of horror continued day and night, till nature at length sunk. The verdict of the coroner's inquest was: *Died of excessive grief*.

At Anstruther, Mr. Daniel Conolly, late treasurer of Crail, and formerly a serjeant in the 28th regiment of foot, aged 80. He entered the army at an early age, and was at the taking of Louisbourg in the year 1758, at the siege of Quebec in 1759, and on the field when the gallant Gen. Wolfe fell. He was also at the taking of Martinique and the Havanna in 1762.

At Loughgilly, near Dungannon, John Conroy, aged 110.

At Gortnagally, near Dungannon, John Woods, an industrious farmer, at the advanced age of 122 years. He lived a regular and sober life. His wife died about two years ago, aged eighty-two. He was forty-two years old the day of her birth. He was born in 1696; of course he has lived in the reign of five successive monarchs; and the reign of the present king has been longer than that of any other who ever ascended the throne.

Admiral Douglas, previous to his departure from Jamaica received a visit from a native man, who is regarded as the patriarch of the island; he is 143 years of age, and in so good health, that on that day he walked from his house (which is on the Hope Estate) to the Penn (the Admiral's residence) and back again—about 14 miles. He was never off the island: the great earthquake there, in 1687, is yet impressively remembered by him; he was then a stout lad. The Admiral was so highly gratified by the compliment, and the venerable man's interesting appearance, that he brought home a correct likeness of him, which, he intends to send to the Royal Exhibition in London.

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